

July 5, 1969

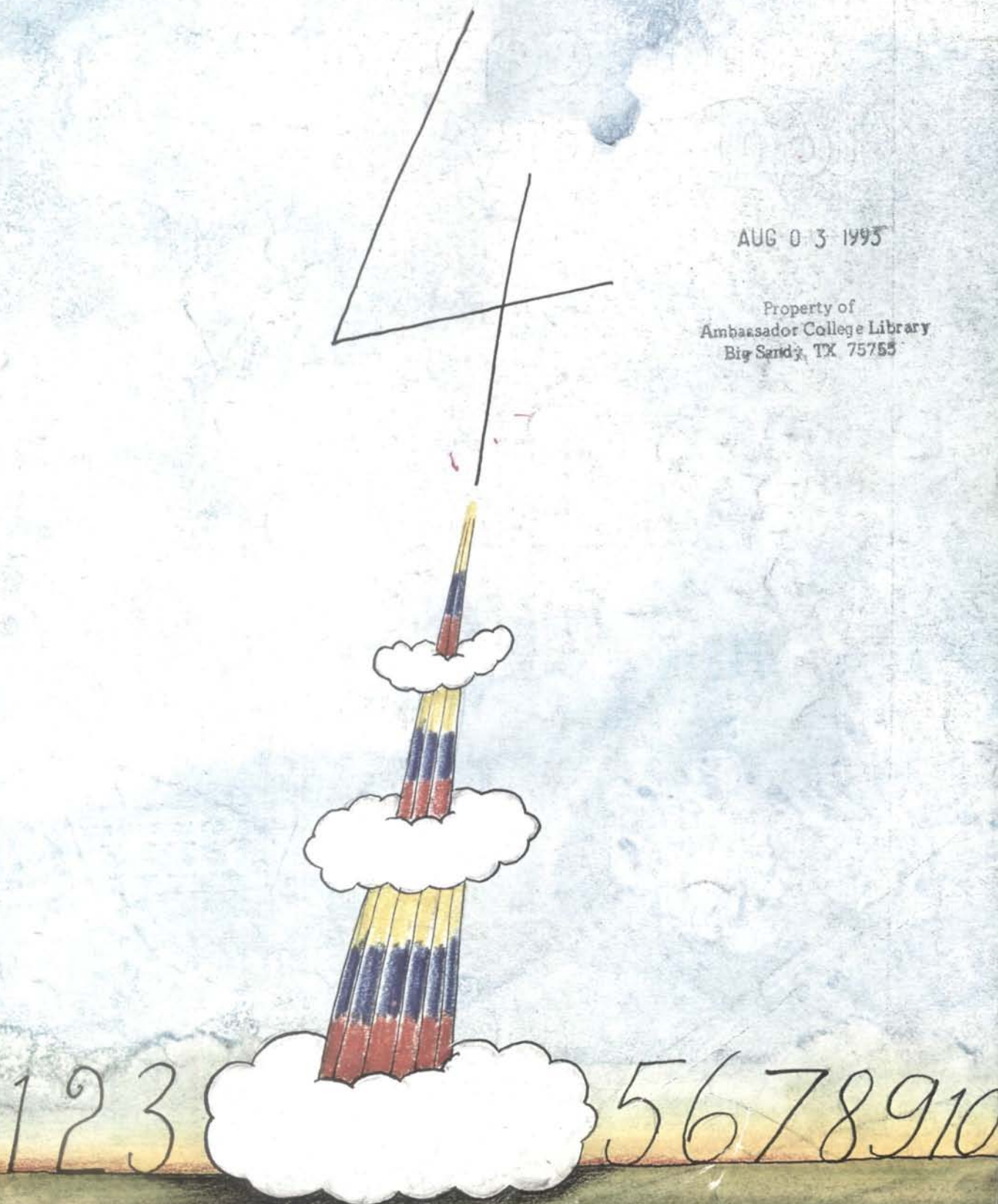
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Break out the
frosty bottle, boys,
and keep your
tonics dry!



The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.

America is about to put men on the moon.

Please read this before they go.

Perhaps the best way for anyone to try to understand the size of such an undertaking is not for us to list the thousands of problems that had to be overcome, but for you to simply go out in your backyard some night, look up, and try to imagine how you'd begin, if it were up to you.

But our reason here is not to talk about the technicalities of the Apollo project. Rather, it is simply to ask you to think, for at least one brief moment, about the men and women who have applied their heads and their hearts and their hands—and a good many years of their lives—to putting a man on the moon.

Many of these people have worked for less money than they could have made in other places, and it is safe to say they have worked through more nights and weekends and lunch and dinner hours than they would have anywhere else.

And the astronauts, the brave men who will fly again down that long, dark and dustless corridor of space, this time to set foot—to walk upon the surface of the moon—they know the price that's often paid in setting out for lands uncharted. They know the price their fathers' grandfathers paid just to walk across the wilderness of America for the first fifty years.

For a long time now, we have been involved with the people who are the thinkers and the designers and the builders and the pilots of America's man-to-the-moon dream, of America's man-to-the-moon determination. We have worked with them, eaten with them, lived with them.

Yet our appreciation and admiration for them continues to grow each day—for their energy, for their imagination, their confidence, for their patience, their resourcefulness, for their courage.

We ask you, in the days ahead as we wait for the big one to begin, to understand this fantastic feat for what it is and to put it in proper perspective, a triumph of man, of individuals, of truly great human beings. For our touchdown on the moon will not be the product of magic, but the gift of men.

In James A. Michener's novel, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," an American admiral stands on the deck of his carrier early one morning and ponders the subject of his brave men. And thinking to himself, he asks a question of the wind which we believe all of us should ask as we think of the men who will finally make it to the moon and of the men who got them there: "Why is America lucky enough to have such men? ... Where did we get such men?"



North American Rockwell

North American Rockwell is a prime contractor for the Apollo project.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonnie Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DE SADE ILLUSTRATED—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

FORTY CARATS—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FRONT PAGE—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 5.)

GEESSE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE GLORIOUS RULER—A play by Michael Ackerman. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HADRIAN VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Roderick Cook (filling in for Alec McCowen, who will return on Monday, July 7) is playing the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 2:30.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 19.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in

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a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewi, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St.

246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE**: An account by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Saturdays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MAN BETTER MAN—A musical with book and lyrics by Errol Hill and music by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. The last in this season's series of productions by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	19
"AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING" (II)	Laurie Lee 25
"CREPE DE CHINE" (POEM)	Tennessee Williams 28
"OPEN AND SHUT"	Colleen Brooks 34
PROFILES (PIERRE TRUDEAU)	Edith Iglauer 36
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY)	Edith Oliver 63
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF)	Herbert Warren Wind 65
THE RACE TRACK	Audax Minor 73
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Penelope Gilliatt 74
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED)	76

COVER: Saul Steinberg

DRAWINGS: William Steig, Dana Fradon, Alan Dunn, Eldon Dedini, Edward Koren, J. B. Handelsman, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Charles Saxon, F. B. Modell, Richard Olden, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OKLAHOMA!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 2:30.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpy dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHORES, WARS & TIN PAN ALLEY—Martha Schlamm and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. 673-1590. Moves on Thursday, July 3, to the Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays and Wednesday, July 2, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, July 4.)

ZORBA—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

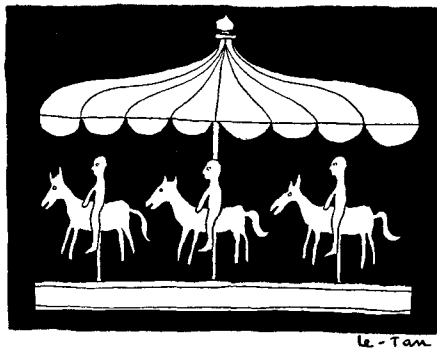
LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

CABARET: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Tandy Cronyn and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CURLEY MC-DIMPLE: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICS: He shaved warily over his chin. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Jerry Jarrett. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-



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0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO, DOLLY! Reopens Monday, July 14. Again with an all-Negro cast, still headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAME: Ann Miller is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA: Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinee performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

YOUR OWN THING: As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

TAP/JAZZ—Old-time vaudeville performers, including Chuck Green, Jimmy Slyde, and Sandman Sims, in a weekly series of programs. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Mondays at 8:30; through July 28.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Ibsen's *PEER GYNT*, with Stacy Keach, Judy Collins, and Estelle Parsons, will be the first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Tuesday, July 8, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of *SOUTH PACIFIC*, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester, will again be the summer production. Opens Thursday, July 3. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a be-

ginning for young talent. An improvisational troupe called the Ace Trucking Company is doing some comedy routines, with performances at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse where blues are the main thing at the moment. The Colwell-Winfield Blues Band alternates with singer-composer Steve Elliott. Shows start at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet plays a sturdy, dependable kind of jazz. Customers arrive wearing open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddie Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. (On Monday, July 7, Zutty Singleton and Joe Muranyi will replace Parenti and Moore.) Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteenth-century. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More clatprap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vortal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine (at about seven on Sunday), music by the Roy Haynes quintet. On Tuesday, July 8, the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet will take the stand. On Mondays, from nine, various jazz combos perform.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about ten-thirty, the Junior Mance trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Downstairs: The Dizzy Gillespie quintet takes turns with the Sonny Rollins quintet. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Esther Marrow walks on, and her audiences know something important is happening. She sings with soul and then some, trading sets with Kenny Burrell's quartet. Starting Tuesday, July 8, the Bill Evans trio will alternate with flutist Jeremy Steig, who is soloing this time around. On Saturday, July 5, from five to nine, the Pete La Roca quartet will play before the evening session, and on Sunday, July 6, from five to nine, Warren Smith's Composers Workshop Ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the large and penetrating Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they get in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Hey, Jude"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Spider John through Sunday, July 6. Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, Shanana will also be around. On Tuesday, July 8, Twentieth Century Zoo starts a gig. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh... hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by some pop entertainers—singer Bob Francis through Saturday, July 5, and after that a seven-man group called the Faculty. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees awhile, you might. Dancing to records from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Epitomé. On Monday, July 7, the Elephant's Memory will arrive. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Reopens Wednesday, July 9, for the glorification of summer in town. Joseph Sudy's orchestra and Quintero's band will do the music; Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann will do the sort of ballroom dancing that is now almost a lost art. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A fine way to run a dinner-through-supper *dansant* is how the Café Pierre looks and sounds all the time. Music—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. ... **DEL MONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even

though it goes on as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. ... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Thursdays run from two until twelve. Closed Mondays. ... **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Our best supply of inner space, viewed from the terrace of this country house, where Phil Wayne's blithe band and other musicologists ply their trade from seven-thirty on every evening.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The hot-weather edition of "Free Fall," the miniature revue that bears the serpent's-tooth mark of Ronny Graham, goes about its funny business twice every night but Sunday.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; Turkan offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*; and Hedva and David provide Israeli boondock ballads that are more modern than what Bathsheba and David used to sing. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The age of chivalry returns as the light-horse regiment of Los Chavales de España deploys across the stage. The occasion is a sentimental, even grandiloquent one, but this marching, singing band carries it off. Twice every night, and three times Saturdays. ... **DOMINGO ALVARADO**, who bemoans the fate of all Iberian lovers in such touching flamencan tones, has returned to the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Emilio Prados.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jackie Kahane, Montreal hot shot, does the talking, mostly pretty good of its kind, and Steve Alaimo does the singing. Another crew of amusers arrives on Thursday, July 10. No dark nights, ever. ... **THE GROUND-FLOOR BAR** is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps in a new state of mind—living, breathing music from six-thirty until two every night but Sunday, though solely for listening. The *melee* involves Wild Bill Davison's cataclysmic horn, along with his Jazz Giants; the threesome belonging to the everlasting (*Gott sei dank*) Teddy Wilson; and Muriel Roberts, who gives her piano many a first-class passage.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will be restored to life on Monday, July 7, on rather a summer-replacement schedule; i.e., songs by the Parker Sisters during the dinner hour, and at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Besides them, there will be, as always, the dance (the band run by Burt Farber, plus Mark Monte's serenaders). Closed Sundays. ... **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** reopens on Tuesday, July 8, to receive Joe Bushkin, one of the wise men of his generation of pianists. His threesome will be seconded by the trio of Mousie Alexander, which plays for both *musings* and *dancing*. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. ... **THE SPACE AGE** could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and

violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine. Closed Fridays through Sundays and Thursday, July 3.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In the best of all possible hill stations dwells Helen O'Connell, a quite cheerful voice, who is to be heard during dinner and supper. Dancing begins at seven. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This country club ends its vacation on Monday, July 7. There will be no summer-replacement nonsense here, for Wayne Sanders, half of the wintertime double-piano team of Sanders & Hawkins, will be on hand from eight until no matter. Open Mondays through Thursdays every week. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a night school devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 60th St. (YU 8-5850): A fashionable watering place, even though most of the guests go there to take the rums instead of the waters. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, one can brush up on cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of peripatetic minstrels, who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compere and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADE**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHATEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): *Toujours la politesse*. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for

there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Friday, July 4. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The course of Empire (Austro-Hungarian, of course) runs smooth, to the tune of George Feyer, a conversational though conservatory pianist. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Saturdays, Sundays, or Friday, July 4. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Bob Kail's properly groomed piano is at work, six until midnight, in this properly groomed salon every evening but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Reopens on Tuesday, July 8. The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): The open-air basement of Rockefeller Center has music, as well as provenders, practically every minute from noon to midnight. Sundays are the sole exceptions.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

JOHN CLEM CLARKE—He copies Copley (John Singleton); through Thursday, July 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

JAMES EARLE FRASER—Bronzes made from plaster models by a leading early-twentieth-century American sculptor; through Thursday, July 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

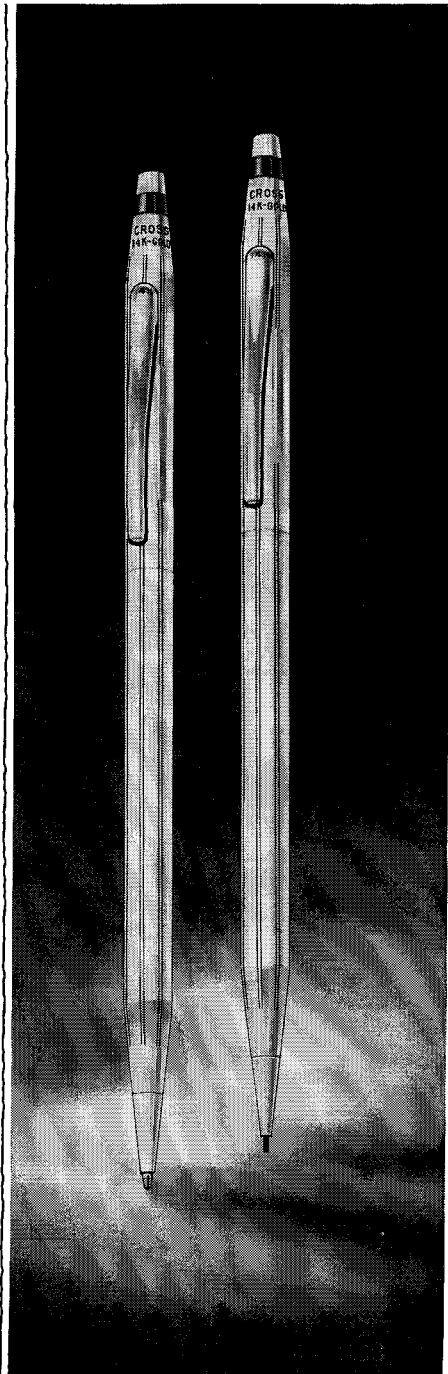
GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KLEIN—Abstract Expressionist landscapes and abstractions; through Thursday, July 3. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

PAULÉMILE PISSARRO—Impressionist paintings by the surviving son of the Impressionist master; through Thursday, July 3. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A wide assortment of artists, among them Don David, Ernest Briggs, and Martin Huttig; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . .

CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamayo, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **COLOMBIAN CENTER**, 140 E. 57th St.: Colonial and modern paintings, carvings, and sculptures from Colombia; through Sept. 30. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Boxer, Manning, Martin, Massey,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rabinowitz, and Vivona; through July 25. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through July 25. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by artists identified with the gallery; through July 18. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Western American art, by, for instance, Remington, Russell, Catlin, and Bierstadt; through Thursday, July 3. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wanner; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Alechinsky, Bissier, Suga, and others on the gallery's roster; through Friday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 236 E. 75th St.: Ralston Crawford, Rico Lebrun, Walter Meigs, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebal are among the artists represented in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and handicrafts; through Friday, July 11. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by De Chirico, Schiele, Pascin, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, and other twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 4.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, and Walt Kuhn (to name a few); through July 18. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (including LeParc, Piene, Mack) and newcomers; through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is \$1.) . . . At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—One hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Mu-

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seum's collection; starting Tuesday, July 8. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for a show called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for the exhibit's duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through Sunday, July 6. . . . Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Friday, July 4, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Overseeing the new Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, ten-and-a-half-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, except July 4, from 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5. Admission is \$1.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Several very large works apiece



by four artists; through July 13. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC WITH ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER—The first in a series of four weekly recitals performed by Mr. Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Murray Perahia, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JAZZ IN THE GARDEN—Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: **JAMES MOODY AND JOE NEWMAN QUINTET**. . . . Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: **CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY**. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

JEFF BECK GROUP, JETHRO TULL, AND SOFT WHITE UNDERBELLY—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, July 3, at 8 and 11:30.

JAMES BROWN REVUE—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 4, at 8.

IRON BUTTERFLY, BLUES IMAGE, AND MAN—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

JOHN MAYALL, PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND, AND SPOOKY TOOTH—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

BLIND FAITH, FREE, AND DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 12, at 8.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 17.) . . . Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Friday, July 4, at 8:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 2, at 7 and 9:30: Jerry Lee Lewis and Pacific Gas & Electric. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 8 and 10:30: Hugh Masekela and Willie Bobo. . . . Monday, July 7, at 7 and 9:30: Miles Davis and Thelmonious Monk. . . . Wednesday, July 9, at 7 and 9:30: Blood, Sweat, and Tears and the Carolyn Hester Coalition. . . . Friday, July 11, at 8 and 10:30: Herbie Mann and Eddie Harris. . . . Saturday, July 12, at 8 and 10:30: Chuck Berry, the Byrds, and John Lee Hooker. (Through Saturday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts that will run through Friday, Aug. 15. (First concert Wednesday, July 2, at 8:30; thereafter, on Fridays at 8:30.) . . . The United States Army Field Band, conducted by Major Hal J. Gibson. (Thursday, July 3, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Janette Moody, soprano. (Thursday, July 10, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 31—Friday, July 4, at 7: Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank in a piano recital. . . . Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 4, at 9: With Christoph Eschenbach, piano. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 8: With John Browning, piano. . . . Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: With Mr. Frank. . . . Friday, July 11, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello, in a recital. . . . Friday, July 11, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program; no soloists. . . . Saturday, July 12, at 8: Erich



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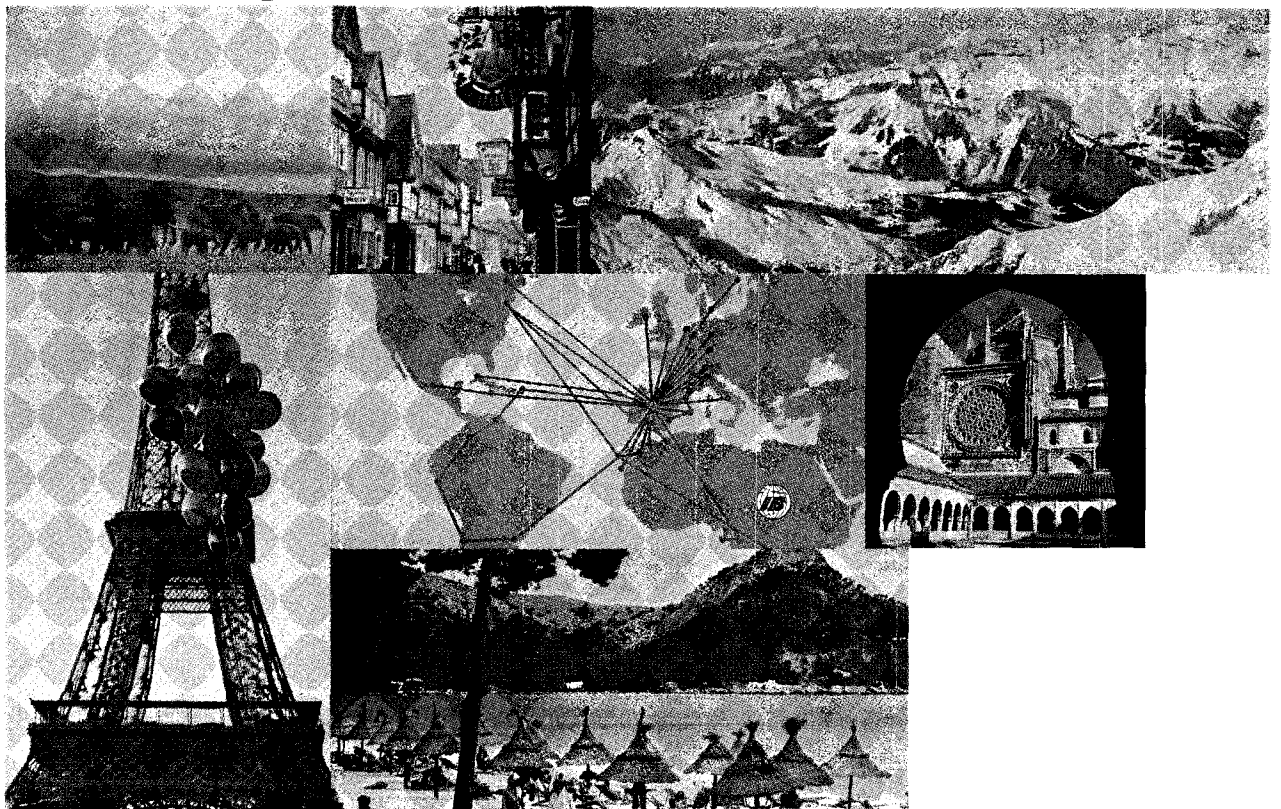
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leinsdorf directing a performance of Mozart's opera "The Abduction from the Seraglio" in concert form, with Beverly Sills and Anne Elgar, sopranos; George Shirley and Jerold Siena, tenors; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . .
 ☞ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: David Zinman conducting a varied program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Mr. Silverstein. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Handel's opera "Semele" in concert form, with Beverly Sills, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; John Ferrante, counter-tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and others. (Stanhope, N.J. Friday, July 4, at 8:30.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 3, at 8: "For the Jazz Aficionado," with George Benson, Kenny Burrell, Bill Evans, Jeremy Steig, Young-Holt Unlimited, Freddie Hubbard, Sunny Murray, Anita O'Day, Sun Ra, Phil Woods, and others. . . . ☞ Friday, July 4, at 2: "Giant Jam Session," with Jimmy Smith and Friends. . . . ☞ Friday, July 4, at 8: "An Evening of Jazz Rock," with the Jeff Beck Group; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Roland Kirk; Steve Marcus; Ten Years After; Jethro Tull; and others. . . . ☞ Saturday, July 5, at 2: The Gary Burton quartet, Miles Davis, John Mayall, Mothers of Invention, Newport All-Stars, Red Norvo, Tal Farlow, Ruby Braff, and others. . . . ☞ Saturday, July 5, at 8: Art Blakey, Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Stephane Grappelli, Savage Rose, Sly and the Family Stone, O. C. Smith, World's Greatest Jazz Band, Maxine Sullivan, and others. . . . ☞ Sunday, July 6, at 2: "An Afternoon with James Brown." . . . ☞ Sunday, July 6, at 8: "Schlitz Mixed Bag," with Willie Bobo, Herbie Hancock, B. B. King, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, Johnny Winter, Led Zeppelin, and others. (Festival Field.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Sunday, July 27—Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 6, at 3:30: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ☞ Tuesday, July 8, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony." . . . ☞ Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Four Temperaments," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." . . . ☞ Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: "Irish Fantasy," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ☞ Friday, July 11, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony." . . . ☞ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Four Temperaments," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." . . . ☞ Sunday, July 13, at 3:30: "Irish Fantasy," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5: The Boston Ballet, presenting a different program each day. . . . ☞ Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, Norman Walker and his company, and Lotte Goslar. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, July 2, at 2. . . . ☞ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 4, at 1 (double-header); Saturday, July 5, at 8; and Sunday, July 6, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Yankees, Monday, July 7, at 8:05 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ☞ Mets vs. Chicago, Tuesday, July 8, at 2:05; Wednesday, July 9, at 8:05; and Thursday, July 10, at 2:05. . . . ☞ Mets vs. Montreal, Friday, July 11, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 12, at 4:05.

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Suburban

Handicap, Friday, July 4; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 9; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 12. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 12. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 12, at noon, and Sunday, July 13, at 2:30.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Wednesday through Friday, July 2-4, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8:15, and Friday, July 4, at 2:15; last day Saturday, Nov. 15.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; closed Friday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . . ☞ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Friday, July 4.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Seven programs in a series called "A Tribute to Anita Loos": July 3 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Lady of the Night" (1933); July 4 at 2 and 5:30, "Riff-Raff" (1935); July 5 at 3 and 5:30, "San Francisco" (1936); July 6 at 2 and 5:30, "Saratoga" (1937); July 7 at 2 and 5:30, "The Women" (1939); July 8 at 2 and 5:30, "Susan and God" (1940); July 10 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "They Met in Bombay" (1941). . . . ☞ July 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), a Swedish film, directed by, and with, Victor Sjöström. . . . ☞ July 5 at 11:30: "Miss Julie" (1950), in Swedish, with Anita Björk. . . . ☞ July 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Die Nibelungen, Part II: Kriemhild's Revenge" (1923), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: July 13, July 24-27, July 29-30, Aug. 1-3, and Aug. 15. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: July 15-20, Aug. 5-6, Aug. 8-10, and Aug. 12-13.

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. July 31-Aug. 3). . . . ☞ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. July 31-Aug. 3.)

HORSE SHOWS—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 2). . . . ☞ Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 5-9.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: July 28-Aug. 23. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 8-Oct. 15.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT**, Bridgehampton: Aug. 2-3. . . . **WATKINS GLEN**: Aug. 9-10.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 28-Aug. 3). . . . ☞ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, Aug. 4-10). . . . ☞ Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championship. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Aug. 11-17.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: July 25-Oct. 17.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, July 10-26.)

MUSIC—Newport Folk Festival, at Newport, R.I. July 17-20. . . . ☞ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 20 and Aug. 5 and 12. . . . ☞ Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 30-Aug. 24.

OTHER DATES—Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 12-17.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 10.)

BILLY LIAR (1963)—Tom Courtenay playing a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—The Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

BRINK OF LIFE (1950)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "His Night Out," and "Shanghai'd," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 10.)

CUL-DE-SAC (1966)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 9.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 6.)

DUTCHMAN (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 0, tentative.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 3-9.)

ENTER LAUGHING (1967)—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 9.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

FACES—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 9, tentative.)

FUNNY GIRL—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GATES OF PARIS (1958)—Written and directed by René Clair, with Pierre Brasseur. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 6.)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

GREETINGS—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 9.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 6.)

If...—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 8.)

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II (1945-46)—Directed by Sergei Eisenstein. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 8-9.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LOLA (1962)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

THE LOVE GAME (1960)—A pretty girl and an elusive lover. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA—Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE MAGICIAN (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through July 3.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 3-9.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th, 355-1663.)

MONTEREY POP—Donn Pennnebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

LOLA MONTÉS—Max Ophüls' masterpiece, shown for the first time in its full form. His command of baroque style and comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story in itself fairly trite—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 8.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist." (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

PATHER PANCHALI (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

PERSONA (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 10.)

PHAEORA (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

POOR COW (1968)—Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's adaptation

of Nell Dunn's novel. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through July 8.)

POPI—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0235; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

RED DESERT (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 10.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 920-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

ROOM SERVICE (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 4-7.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 10.)

STOLEN KISSES—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 8.)

LA STRADA (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 7.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through July 3.)

TIME IN THE SUN (1940)—A documentary on Mexico by Sergei Eisenstein. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 2....) Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

WARRENDALE (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

THE WILD BUNCH—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

WINNING—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward add real human interest to professional auto racing. Both the love story and the races are directed with great skill by James Goldstone. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; July 2.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 8: IF...
From July 9: "Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WARRENDALE; and "Titicut Follies," a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 8: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French); and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.
From July 9: **GREETINGS**; and **CUL-DE-SAC**.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE WILD BUNCH.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Boys of Paul Street," Anthony Kemp.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through July 9: "Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.
From July 10: "Putney Swope," a Robert Downey film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP; and **DARLING**.

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68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 6: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**.
From July 7, at 8:30: "Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 565-4566.)

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 8: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.
From July 9: "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Mackenna's Gold," Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Chairman," Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 2: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.
July 3-9: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French); and **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From July 10: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom," Shirley MacLaine, Richard Attenborough.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 8: "The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.
From July 9 (tentative): **FACES**; and **DUTCHMAN**.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 8: **LOLA MONTÉS** (in French).
From July 9: "A Star Is Born" (1954), Judy Garland, James Mason.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 6: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** and **GATES OF PARIS** (both in French).
From July 7: **LA STRADA** (in Italian).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 3: **THE MAGICIAN AND THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish).
July 4-7: **ROOM SERVICE**; and "King Kong" (1932), Fay Wray.
July 8-9: **IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II** (in Russian).
From July 10: **CITIZEN KANE**; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 8: "Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick.
From July 9: "How to Commit Marriage," Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
July 2: **WINNING**.
From July 3: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Devil by the Tail" (in French), Yves Montand, Maria Schell.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 8: **POOR COW**; and "Succubus" (in German).
From July 9: "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 9: "42nd Street" (1933), Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers.
From July 10: **PERSONA** (in Swedish); and **RED DESERT** (in Italian).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 8: "2" (in Danish).
From July 9: **ENTER LAUGHING**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 2: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and **BRINK OF LIFE** (in Swedish).
July 3: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**; and "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" (1938), Barry K. Barnes.
July 4: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "Animal Farm" (1954), a full-length animated cartoon.
July 5: 8½ (in Italian); and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French).
July 6: **PHAEDRA**; and "Antigone" (1962; in Greek), Irene Papas.
July 7: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and **BILLY LIAR**.
July 8: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
July 9: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** and **LOLA** (both in French).
July 10: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali); and **TIME IN THE SUN**.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ROMEO AND JULIET.



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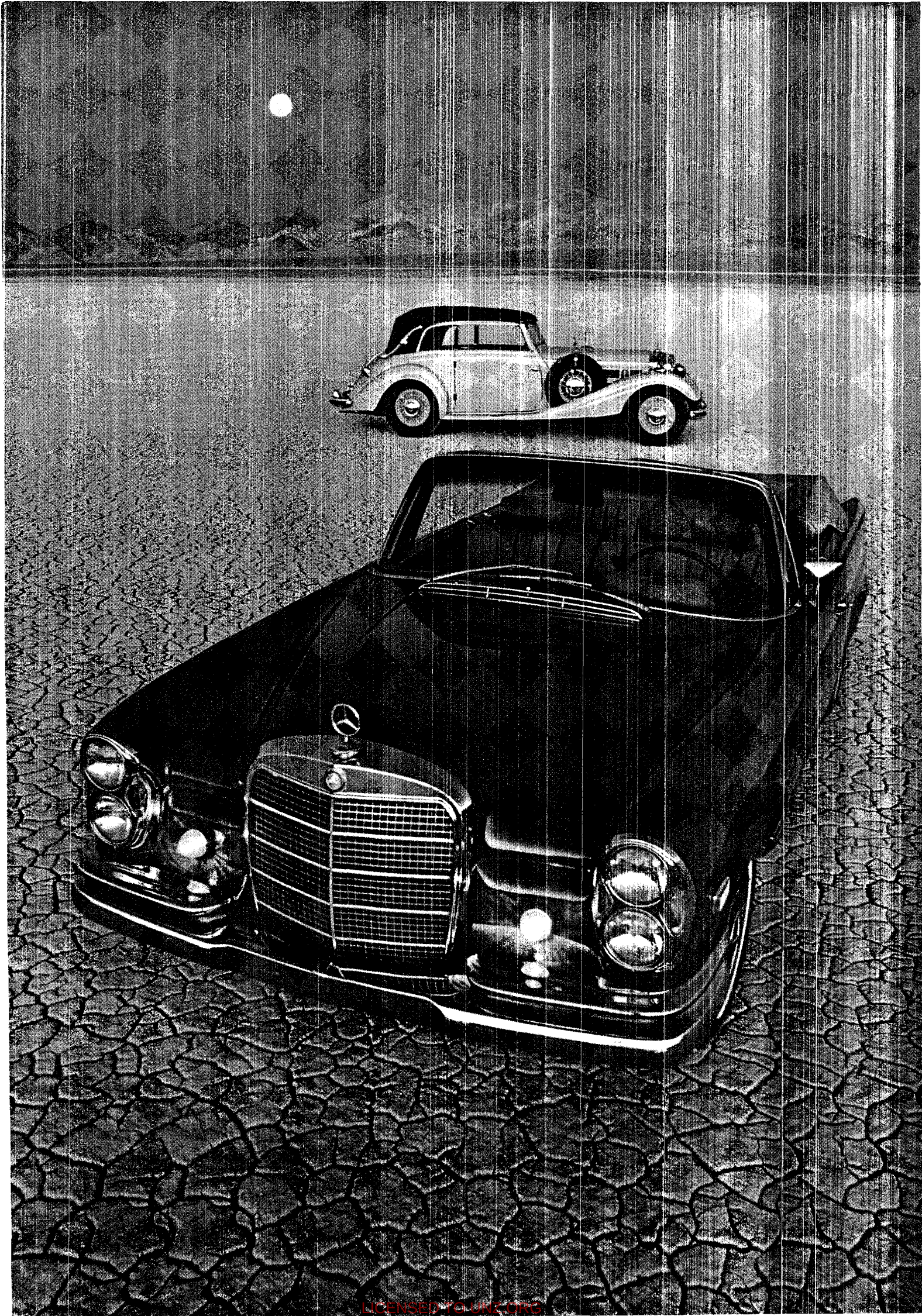
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If you were a prince in the 1930's, you might have owned a Mercedes-Benz 540K. Today, you can drive an even finer convertible — for \$11,000 less.

Mercedes-Benz built its classic 540K Cabriolet (background) with all the deliberate speed of an oyster constructing a pearl.

During the entire four-year life of the model, 1936 through 1939, only 406 cars left the plant.

But these cars, snapped up by the rich and royal for the equivalent of \$23,000 today, were enough to make the 540K a legend—the epitome of motoring splendor in the era.

Even now, miniature 540Ks adorn the shelves of modelers, and originals are the envy of aficionados at concours d'élégance the world over.

The latest Mercedes-Benz luxury convertible is at left. The 280SE. While modern technology has spurred production to a heady nine cars a week, helping to shave the price to a mere \$12,000, the car is a worthy successor to the 540K in every way.

If you could strip away the body, you'd find a chassis startlingly different from that of any convertible or sedan built in America.

The innards of an Indianapolis racing machine would come closer. You'd spot all-independent suspension, for matchless agility and roadholding. Massive, four-wheel disc brakes, for heroic stopping power. And an obedient steering system that blesses you with precise, "feel-of-the-road" control.

Of course, all Mercedes-Benz motor cars, even those under \$5,000, have these same performance features.

But the Convertible is also a

masterpiece of workmanship.

The body cannot be unbolted from the frame, as with a conventional car, because they are welded into one rigid, rattle-thwarting unit.

Hands in soft gloves caress the body to detect bumps and burrs, and smooth them away. Vital seams are soldered and buffed to oblivion.

Probing with stethoscopes, engineers have winnowed out harmonic vibrations in the drive train. Seat springs are actually tuned to the car's suspension movements—to cancel thousands of tiny, tiring tremors every mile.

Of course, all Mercedes-Benz motor cars, even those under \$5,000, are built this same way, too.

So what makes the Convertible worth \$12,000? Finicky details, frankly.

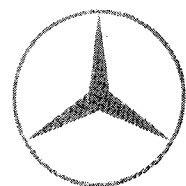
Like the exquisite leather that lines the car. Glove box, underside of the dash, and all.

Like the handmade fabric top; so thick it houses a courtesy lamp, so padded it muffles road noise better than most hard tops, so taut it refuses to flutter at turnpike speeds.

Like the trim of knurled walnut root, macassar, or other rare woods.

For all the amenities of the Convertible, chat with your dealer.

And, while you're in the showroom, examine some other models. You may be surprised at what a splendid Mercedes-Benz you can get—even for a less princely sum.



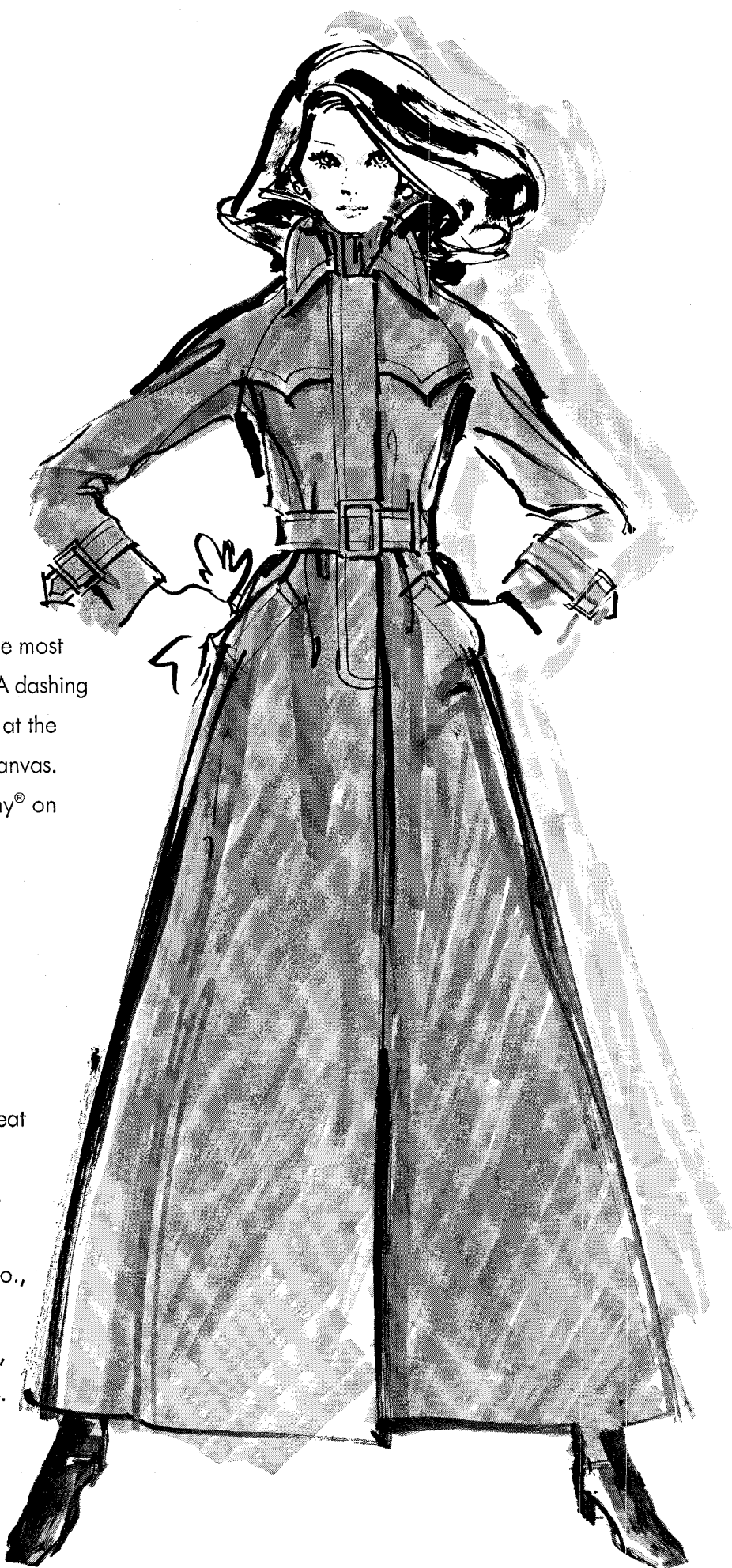
Background: aristocratic 540K of 1936. Foreground: a contemporary classic, the 280SE Convertible. For a free 2' x 3' wall poster of this photograph in full color, visit your nearest Mercedes-Benz showroom.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE obituaries of Judy Garland cast a cold light upon the golden era of M-G-M mythologizing. The prematurely professional children of hard-bitten vaudevillians, doped like race horses for their twelve-hour days in front of the grinding cameras, were fed into a gigantic escapism machine geared to the pious simplicities of a rural, puritan, mostly imaginary past. Small wonder that these children, grown older, sought in drink, pills, and frequent marriage the real self they had been cheated out of. The food of millions, they were themselves fearfully hungry. Dream figures, walking and singing through the dreams of anonymous multitudes, they woke to private lives cursed by something like sleeplessness. That Judy Garland contained a real person no one doubted, perhaps, but herself; she was there to the end, twitching the microphone cord, vividly beset by the awkwardnesses of performance that most performers hypocritically suppress, forgetting lyrics to remind us she was human and not a rerun, disarmingly *there* in the very totality of her confusion, her croaking voice the nearest thing we have had to Piaf. Even the cause of her death seems confused; she had more or less used herself up. And meanwhile, in the hugest of its many resurrections, "The Wizard of Oz" proves to be the enduring classic of Depression escapism, one of the few of those ardently spun old fantasias that penetrate the murk of television with the force of true myth; and Dorothy, with her strong young voice and button-bright eyes, befriends the lonely scarecrow, and oils the rusty tin man, and calms the cowardly lion, over and over, on their way down the yellow brick road.

Sybarite

THE other day, we received a visit in our office from Orville H. Bullitt, an elderly Philadelphia business-

man, who was passing through town, and who may qualify as one of the world's only true Sybarites. A Sybarite, according to our dictionary, is an inhabitant of Sybaris, an ancient Greek city in southern Italy, which was unearthed recently, thanks in large measure to Mr. Bullitt's financial assistance. The ancient Sybarites were, our dictionary says, "noted for their love of luxury and pleasure;" hence, the definition continues, a sybarite, with a small "s," is "a voluptuary." Mr. Bullitt doesn't look like a voluptuary; he doesn't act like a voluptuary, either, for he is, or has been, a director of such solid firms as the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, the Fidelity Bank, and the Westmoreland Coal Company, and, to eradicate any lingering doubts, he is a director of such sober corporations of culture as the Academy of Music of Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, and a trustee of the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the University of Pennsylvania. As a trustee of the latter, he has a hand in its museum of antiquities, the University Museum, which currently has more archeological expeditions in the field (about twenty) than any other museum in the country, and which is in part responsible for making Mr. Bullitt a Sybarite in the other sense of the word—the one with the capital "s." This began to come about around a decade ago, when Mr. Bullitt, who enjoys reading, and who is certainly in a better position to do something about what he reads than most people (a downright sybaritic luxury), was reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—a book that it is almost impossible, one would think, to do *anything* about. Mr. Bullitt, however, became interested in the passages concerning Alaric, the King of the Visigoths, whose tomb, reputedly overflowing

with valuables of both a cultural and a baser sort, has not been discovered to this day. A little later, Mr. Bullitt read somewhere else—possibly in an issue of the *National Geographic*—an account of how Carlo M. Lerici, an Italian businessman who also had a bent for archeology, was finding Etruscan tombs in Tuscany by means of an electronic sounding device. These two bits of information floated about in the back of Mr. Bullitt's mind, he says, until, one day when he was seated at dinner next to Dr. Froelich Rainey, the director of the University Museum, he suddenly found himself saying to Dr. Rainey that the University Museum ought to use Mr. Lerici's machine to look for Alaric's tomb. Not only that, Mr. Bullitt found himself offering to *send* Dr. Rainey to look for Alaric's tomb. Dr. Rainey went to Cosenza, in southern Italy, with Dr. Lerici's machine, and in due course he

cabled Mr. Bullitt that Alaric's tomb was, unhappily, beneath a group of modern buildings, and therefore safe even from archeologists with electronic sounding devices. Mr. Bullitt, who had been getting himself further into

the swing of things by reading some of the classics, consulted a map of Italy and then cabled back that as long as Dr. Rainey was in Cosenza he might as well go fifty miles north to look for Sybaris, which Mr. Bullitt's reading had informed him was the greatest undiscovered site dating back to classical times. With the help of a good many lire provided by Mr. Bullitt, and the help of Mr. Bullitt in person, the University Museum, together with some Italian archeologists, has done exactly what Mr. Bullitt urged. Last summer, it finally located Sybaris, under about fifteen feet of very wet mud. "There is nothing like Sybaris, nothing at all," said Mr. Bullitt, whose enthusiasm for Sybaris didn't wane a bit during the eight years that were





spent looking for it. "The glamour and the romance! Nothing can touch it."

Mr. Bullitt is fairly well up on the glamour and the romance of Sybaris because he has read every classical reference to the city—a feat that took some doing, for at least eighty authors in the ancient world wrote about it. Mr. Bullitt is now the author of yet another book about the city, which tells of its rediscovery, and which will be published by Lippincott this fall. The city, which is on the coast, in the arch of the Italian boot, was founded in 720 B.C. and was destroyed just over two hundred years later, in 510 B.C., by Croton, a neighboring city. In its heyday, according to Strabo, Sybaris was a city bigger than Athens—a fact that Mr. Bullitt feels he can confirm, for he has walked around its presumed perimeter, becoming one of the first men in twenty-five hundred years to do so. Sybaris prospered because the Etruscans relied on its port for their trade with Asia Minor. Life in Sybaris had charming features. For example, the Sybarites outlawed noise, so no tinsmiths or goldsmiths were allowed to hammer their metals within the city walls, and there were no roosters to crow. In some ways, life there was voluptuous—certainly decadent enough to embarrass writers of the ancient world, and Mr. Bullitt, too, who looks a little stern when he talks about it. Invitations to public functions had to be sent out a year in advance, so that the ladies could

decide what to wear. Even so, there were an enormous number of parties, and one *bon vivant* boasted that he hadn't seen the sun either rise or set in twenty years. The Sybarites were snobbish and disdainful about their neighbors. One Sybarite who travelled to Sparta, where life was rugged, came home sniggering and announced that the Spartans' reputation for bravery was vastly overrated, since anyone who led that kind of life would want to die anyway. The Sybarites were particularly contemptuous of their neighbors the Crotonites, who were hard workers, and one Sybarite who had visited Croton said that just watching a Crotonite at work gave him a stitch in his side. The Crotonites took an exceedingly dim view of the Sybarites and spread unkind gossip about *them*; Sybarites, they put it about, were apt to sleep on beds of rose petals, and one Sybarite was supposed to have beaten his slave for leaving a crushed petal on the bed when he made it up. In a way, Mr. Bullitt would have preferred to discover Croton, whose best-known citizen was Pythagoras. "There were no great men among the Sybarites," he says, a little sadly. Sybaris came to a sudden end when Telys, a villainous tyrant—he is one of the few Sybarites whose names have come down in history—murdered a group of ambassadors from Croton and tossed their bodies over the city wall to be devoured by wolves. During the war that followed, the Cro-

tonites reportedly went into battle piping a dance tune, and the Sybarites' horses, who had been taught to dance instead of fight, waltzed off the field. Mr. Bullitt says he doubts the accuracy of this tale. In any event, the Crotonites were victorious. They razed Sybaris to the ground, and even, according to another account, diverted a river to cover it—under whose alluvium it remained until Mr. Bullitt's expedition arrived with the electronic sounding device.

Sybaris is on a plain open to the sea and bounded at the rear by a semicircle of high mountains. Mr. Bullitt says that the site is "beautiful," and that this is partly because the Sybarites, who, along with their other shortcomings, were by no means conservationists, denuded the mountains behind the city of trees, which they sold as timber to the Greeks; for twenty-five hundred years

rainwater has washed topsoil off the mountains and onto the plain, so it is now very fertile. (The Sybarites weren't enterprising enough to build anything with the timber themselves—such as ships, which were what the Greeks used the timber for.) Today, the plain is marked off into lush rectangular fields lined with tall cypresses. Since the plain is twenty-five miles long and eighteen miles broad, finding Sybaris wasn't easy. In 1961, the archeologists started their search with Mr. Leric's electronic sounding device but soon, because the device could look only five feet underground, a tool used in geophysical surveys and called a proton magnetometer was tried. However, it didn't do much better than Mr. Leric's device, so still another tool, a cesium magnetometer, was built. It can peer twenty feet below the surface. Mr. Bullitt believes it will revolutionize archeology. He says it looks like a tin can on the end of a long pole; the can is attached by a wire to a box full of electronic equipment involving cesium atoms. The archeologist who did the trick with the cesium magnetometer was Dr. Elizabeth K. Ralph, a staff member of the University Museum, who walked about holding the long pole in front of her, as if she were sweeping a minefield. This magnetometer can distinguish metal from stone and earth. "It can pick out a bronze knife on a stone floor twenty feet down," Mr. Bullitt says. Now that

Mr. Bullitt and the University Museum have found Sybaris, they aren't going to dig it up; that is for the Italians to do—especially since the Italian government won't allow any antiquities to leave the country. Mr. Bullitt, however, professes satisfaction at just finding Sybaris, though he adds wistfully that he wouldn't mind if he, or the Museum, were given a vase as a souvenir. He is looking forward to helping find more cities with the cesium magnetometer, from which he gets an almost sybaritic pleasure. "Archeologists will never really have to work again," he says.

Shelter

THE Children's Center, this city's chief facility for the temporary shelter of neglected, abused, or delinquent children, occupies an unprepossessing seven-story structure that stretches stolidly but shabbily along Fifth Avenue from 104th to 105th Streets. The building, which is of brick upon stone, was put up in 1921, and although it is structurally sound, it is in need of almost two million dollars' worth of repairs, or else replacement—an alternative endorsed by the City Council in 1962, when it appropriated half a million dollars for preliminary planning for a new Center, to house three hundred and fifty school-age boys and girls. (The money has not been spent.) As recently as four months ago, when the Center's population stood at two hundred and ninety, well under the institution's rated capacity of three hundred and seventy-nine, the building's principal defects—inadequate lighting, insufficient shower facilities, and a number of dangerous building violations—were substantial but not insurmountable handicaps to the work of the Center's fifteen nurses and two hundred and twenty child-care workers. Now, however, the number of children in the Center has soared. One day last week, five hundred and thirty-six boys (from two to sixteen years old) and girls (from two to six) were packed into the building; infants were sleeping in cribs set up in play areas, and beds for older boys extended, side by side, into already limited recreation areas; in a fifth-floor canteen a newly installed soda fountain stood inaccessible because the area around it had been converted to bed space. John J. Murphy, the executive director of the Center, told us as we toured the building with him, "The arts-and-crafts room goes next. One thing I'll tell you—only the fact that we have

the best-trained staff in the country keeps the ticking time bomb that we have here now from bursting right through the roof." Mrs. Alice Rosen, principal of P.S. 35, which is the Center's special school, was even angrier. "These are the most deprived children in the whole of the City of New York," she said when we called on her in her office—a place the size of a closet. "We're supposed to have special facilities, with no more than ten kids in a class. Instead, we have to use corridors for classroom space and run three teaching sessions, and still we end up with more kids in each class than the regular schools have. We don't even have a place for a kid to go and cry. So what happens? We bat our brains out, and these kids go right down the drain. We let Lee Harvey Oswald go down the drain when he was a student here. I tell you, any child who doesn't have a problem when he comes here will have one when he leaves."

The deluge of cases that has so swamped the Center, and also its sister institution, Callagy Hall, on East Twelfth Street, which shelters girls of from six to sixteen, and which last week reported a population of one hundred and fifty-nine—thirty-one over capacity—has taken the officials of the Social Services Department by surprise. The increase came just as workers in the field had begun to feel confident that the need for institutionalized shelter care was diminishing, as a result of two recent innovations: first, the employment of boarding homes

for temporary care, and, second, an emergency service that, in special cases, dispatches home aides to care for children in their own homes. Ironically, only last May graduate-student workers in the Social Services Department were invited to attend a training seminar on the Decline in Population of Children Receiving Shelter Care. Two weeks after the seminar ended, the deputy director of the Bureau of Child Welfare, Emanuel H. Fox, was compiling a report on the causes of the enormous upsurge in shelter population. "We were in pretty good shape for approximately a year—just about reaching the point of adequacy—so it is heartbreaking now to find ourselves right back where we used to be," he told us in his office, at 80 Lafayette Street. According to his report, which he submitted to Miss Elizabeth C. Beine, the director of the Bureau, the upsurge had several causes—for instance, the lessening demand for shelter care had led the Department to slacken its effort to find new boarding homes—but its real beginning coincided with newspaper accounts of a particularly appalling case of child abuse, which culminated, on March 25th, in the murder of a three-year-old girl who had been taken from her foster parents and returned to her mother despite warnings that had inexplicably been overlooked by both Family Court officials and social workers. Responsibility for this tragedy became an issue in the city's political campaign. Mayor Lindsay appointed a special task force



"Do you realize the song 'Happy Days Are Here Again' was written almost forty years ago?"

on child abuse, naming as its chairman one of the strongest critics of Family Court procedure—Dr. Vincent Fontana, who is medical director of the New York Foundling Home and Hospital, a private agency that the city pays to provide temporary care for infants less than four years old. The state legislature strengthened existing laws that required reports of serious injuries suffered by children (caseworkers and school officials as well as physicians are now obliged to report such cases), and it also ordered that a special child-abuse term be established in the Family Court. The publicity given these developments, and the news of the arrest and indictment of the stepfather of the murdered child, had further repercussions. For several weeks, child abuse was a daily story in the press, and one consequence was a doubling, and then a tripling, of the number of cases investigated by the Bureau of Child Welfare.

Also at 80 Lafayette Street are the offices of the Division of Services to Families. Its Child Protective Service had doubled its staff in the last two months in order to meet the responsibility of investigating each report of child abuse less than twenty-four hours after it is received. "Before all this publicity and the new reporting laws, we drew most of our cases from hospitals," Miss Mary Rogers, the director of the Division, told us. "Now many more people in the community are reporting such cases." Both the Family Court judges and the Bureau of Child Welfare's caseworkers, who in the past had tended, whenever possible, to recommend "another chance for the family," began leaning the other way. "I know the shelters are overcrowded," Miss Rogers said, "but even a cot in the corridor is better than the conditions in which we have found some of these children. I certainly don't like overcrowding, but I sleep a lot easier knowing that at least these children aren't being abused by psychotic people."

However, not everyone concerned agrees. "It's sound to take a risk in the interests of keeping a child in his family," Mr. Fox said after studying the shelter-population statistics. "We can't have a society of children growing up in other people's homes—that would be a disservice to the children. Sure, in blatant abuse cases the child must come out of his home, but if you have allowed your facilities to become crowded with marginal cases, what

can you do for him once you get him out?"

Secretary Stans

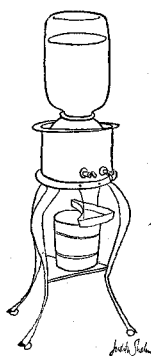
WE met Maurice Stans, the twenty-fourth Secretary of Commerce, last week, right after he made the keynote speech at the annual convention of the National Association of Accountants, at the New York Hilton ("I have the honor to say that just before I left Washington, President Nixon asked me to extend his warmest congratulations to this distinguished assembly on the occasion of the Association's fiftieth anniversary. 'And please tell them, Maury,' he said, 'that for the first time in a long while we're bringing to government the first objective of accounting: fiscal responsibility!'" Applause). He spoke at a lunch in the Grand Ballroom (Tomato Juice, Rolls and Butter, Roast Beef, Soufflé Potatoes, Rum Balls with Whipped Cream, Coffee, Coin Mints) to fifteen hundred delegates (Slogan: "Proud of the Past—Preparing for the Future." Buttons: "Minneapolis Next." Sticker on all hall mirrors: "Y'ALL COME TO CAROLINA'S CHAPTERS HOSPITALITY ROOM SUITE 4303 NEW YORK HILTON N.A.A." Delegate John A. Bannach, treasurer of the Carbon Limestone Company, Lowellville, Ohio: "Secretary Stans made a big point. It was 'What is good for business is good for the country, and what is good for the country is good for business'").

Mr. Stans looks like Harry Carey, of the movies, but sharper, and also more relaxed. He is sixty-one years old; a native of Shakopee, Minnesota (pop. 6,294); a former student at Northwestern University and Columbia; a certified public accountant in eight states; a former executive partner in the national accounting firm of Alexander Grant & Co., which he joined in 1928 and left in 1955; a former task-force assistant to the House Appropriations Committee, in reviewing the federal budget for the fiscal year 1954; a former Director of the Bureau of the Budget, under President Eisenhower (from March, 1958, to January, 1961); a former vice-chairman and director of the United California Bank (1961-63); a former president of the Western Bancorporation, in Los Angeles (1961-62); a former president of the investment banking firm of Glore Forgan, William R. Staats, in New York (1965-

69); a former chairman of the Finance Committee of Republicans for Nixon (1968); a former chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee (during the Presidential election campaign of 1968); a former director of corporations called Fluor (industrial engineering and construction, in Los Angeles), W. W. Grainger (wholesalers of electric motors, pumps, and electrical supplies, and manufacturers of electric fans and air compressors, in Chicago), Wean-United (manufacturers of sheet and tin steel and strip-mill equipment, in Warren, Ohio), and Oglebay Norton (wholesalers and distributors of coal, iron ore, and ferroalloys, and operators of cargo-handling vessels and coal mines, and manufacturers of steel-industry supplies, in Cleveland); a former director of the National Association of Manufacturers; a former governor of the Metropolitan Club of New York; a former trustee of Pomona College and a former trustee of the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation; and a present husband (of the former Kathleen Carmody) and a present father (of four children—Steven, thirty-two; Terrell and Theodore, both twenty-seven and not twins; and Maureen, thirty—all of them adopted).

Before interviewing Mr. Stans, we attended a press-and-television conference during which he stood in the Hilton's Green Room, wearing a pin-striped navy-blue suit and matching conservative accessories, and politely answered polite questions about the "inflationary spiral" ("The situation is, of course, a carry-over from the Johnson Administration. The policies of the Nixon Administration will begin to have their effect very soon"); about the banks' eight-and-a-half-per-cent interest rate ("I hope it won't go higher. It's unfortunate. The government doesn't attempt to set those rates"); about "assessing the fact that the stock market is falling" ("I spent several years in Wall Street, and I can only surmise that the market, along with the general economy, is assuming some slowing down"); and about why only six per cent of the students graduating from college show an interest in going into business ("I don't know. There's a certain amount of disillusionment among them. Many of them are concerned with social betterment. Part of my job is to induce a greater degree of respect for American business, among all the people of the country").

"How have things been for you since you became Secretary of Com-





"Whatever it is you just take aspirin is my philosophy."

merce?" we asked Secretary Stans afterward, in the sitting room of his suite at the Hilton.

"Interesting. Enjoyable. Busy," he said. "When I had the responsibility of raising all the money for the Nixon campaign, I think I worked harder on that than I had ever worked before, and now I find myself working just as hard. It's seven days a week, fourteen hours a day. I'm in my office by eight-thirty in the morning. I go home at seven, and there's paperwork every night. There are always meetings on Saturdays, and on most Sundays. I hadn't been to a movie since way before January 20th. My wife and I came in last night, and we went right out and found a movie, 'The Longest Day,' that we could get into. My wife thanked me for taking her. When we

lived in New York—we had a co-op at the Park V, sold it, and bought one in Watergate, not far from the State Department and within walking distance of my office—we'd go to the country, go to the beaches, walk in Central Park, but we don't do anything like that anymore. Two of our children are in California, one is in Kansas, and one is in Florida, and we haven't been able to see any of them since the Inauguration and my swearing-in. I *hope* all this is part of mastering a job. It's a department with thirty thousand people and with fifteen bureaus."

"Much turnover when you took office?" we asked.

"Less than seventy-five people," Mr. Stans said. "All of them, of course, at the top."

"Had you known any of your fel-

low Cabinet members before January?" we asked.

"I'd known Attorney General Mitchell from the campaign," he said. "Rogers I'd known, of course, from the Eisenhower days, when he was Attorney General and I was Director of the Budget. Finch I'd known in California. I'd known David Kennedy as a banker in connection with my own business. Laird I knew as a congressman. I knew Mayo slightly, but I had never met Hickel, Romney, or any of the others."

"Where do you sit at Cabinet meetings?" we asked.

"Second to the left of the Vice-President. I'm eighth in rank in the Cabinet in the order of creation—the order in which we sit at the table. Shultz, Volpe, Finch, and Romney are



"We can't go on meeting like this. My knees are killing me."

all lower on the totem pole. Attorney General Mitchell is on my right and Volpe is on my left."

"Do you talk to each other much at the meetings?" we asked.

"There's a great deal of interchange. Usually discussions of some report."

"Any report by you?" we asked.

"The President gave me the responsibility of doing a report, with views and suggestions and a program, on helping minorities start small businesses of their own—Black Capitalism and others," the Secretary of Commerce said. "The program was adopted and now it's in effect. Minority people in this country own only two per cent of the businesses, but they're fifteen per cent of the population. The objective of our program is to give minority people a piece of the action in the American business system. Give them a chance to become a capitalist, to become an employer, to become a success, to participate in the American system. We know the programs that have money that can

help these people get started. We want to stimulate and encourage more and more action. We'll keep a record of all the minority efforts, and we'll disseminate the success stories."

"For example?" we asked.

"We'll take good ideas from Detroit, say, and bring them to Pittsburgh," Secretary Stans said. "We're working now with the automobile companies to give dealerships to minorities. We're working with the oil companies to help minorities get filling stations. We're encouraging bankers to lend money to minority people. We're spreading the word."

"What else do you report to the Cabinet on?" we asked.

"On my visits to Europe and the Far East. I greatly enjoy the responsibility of my trips overseas, of meeting with the heads of foreign governments. My last trip took me, among other places, to Belgium, which is of particular interest to me, because my family comes from there, and I have a great many cousins I hadn't seen for about

twenty years—ever since my trips as a tourist. This time, they brought out the bands."

"What kind of trips did you make before this year?" we asked.

"We're basically outdoor people, and for fifteen years we always took our vacations in remote places in Canada—hunting and fishing. Then we started going on safaris. I've gone on nine safaris in Africa, in thirteen countries. The last major one was a safari to Botswana, four years ago, with all four of our children. On that one, my son Ted shot a lion, and I shot a greater koodoo and a sable antelope. We have our own museum, the Stans African Hall, in Rock Hill, South Carolina, where we have a greater variety of fully mounted specimens than any other place in the country."

"Why Rock Hill?" we asked.

"They answered an ad we placed in the *Museum News*, and we liked the way they answered," Mr. Stans said.

We noticed a gold ring on Mr. Stans' left hand. It had the figure of a leopard on it—also in gold—and a star sapphire. Mr. Stans saw us looking at it. "It was given to me by my children," he said, and then he showed us a dark leather-like bracelet. "This is an elephant's-hair bracelet," he said. "When you shoot an elephant, the natives cut the hair from the tail and give it to you. You wear it for good luck. I shot the elephant in 1950, in Tanganyika."

"How many elephants have you shot?" we asked.

"One elephant," Mr. Stans said. "It's my practice to shoot only one of each animal."

"Why is the Department of Commerce not as well known to the public as some of the other departments?" we asked.

"Because we've had Presidents who were not business-oriented," Mr. Stans said. "They didn't use the Department of Commerce. Some of our divisions are known. Like the Weather Bureau. The Census Bureau. The Patent Office. The Bureau of Standards. The Coast and Geodetic Survey. And even the Office of Foreign Direct Investments. But people don't know that these are all part of our Department. I'm going to try to change that by identifying them with our Department. For one thing, in New York I'm trying to get all our divisions and bureaus and agencies together in one building, instead of letting them stay spread out all over town. More people should know about the Department of Commerce."

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING

II—INTO SPAIN

IT was early and still almost dark when the ship reached the harbor of Vigo and when out of the unconscious rocking of sea and sleep I was simultaneously woken and hooked to the coast of Spain by the rattling anchor going over the side.

I lay for a while in the anchored silence and listened to the first faint sounds of Spain—a howling dog, the gasping spasms of a donkey, the thin sharp cry of a cockerel. Then I packed and went up onto the shining deck, and the Spanish sun rose, too, and for the first time in my life I saw, looped round the bay, the shape of a foreign city.

I'd known nothing till then but the smoother surfaces of England, and Vigo struck me like an apparition. It seemed to rise from the sea like some rust-corroded wreck, as old and bleached as the rocks around it. There was no smoke or movement among the houses. Everything looked barnacled, rotting, and deathly quiet, as though awaiting the return of the Flood. I landed in a town submerged by wet green sunlight and smelling of the waste of the sea. People lay sleeping in doorways, or sprawled on the ground, like bodies washed up by the tide.

But it was the summer of 1935, I was in Spain, and the new life beginning. A year earlier I'd left home in Gloucestershire and walked the lonely road to London, planning to see the world and to make my fortune. I was twenty-one years old, had a few shillings in my pocket, and no return ticket; I had a knapsack, blanket, spare shirt, and a fiddle, and enough words of Spanish to ask for a glass of water. Soon the chill of dawn left me and I began to feel better. The drowned men rose from the pavements and stretched their arms, lit cigarettes, and shook the night from their clothes. Bootblacks appeared, banging their brushes together, and strange vivid girls went down the streets, with hair like coils of dripping tar and large mouths red and savage.

Still a little off balance, I looked about me, saw obscure dark eyes and incomprehensible faces, crumbling walls scribbled with mysterious graffiti, an armed policeman sitting on the Town Hall steps, and a photograph of Marx in a barber's window. Nothing I knew was here, and perhaps there was a moment of panic—anyway I suddenly felt the urge to get moving. So I cut the last cord and changed my shillings

for pesetas, bought some bread and fruit, left the seaport behind me, and headed straight for the open country.

I spent the rest of the day climbing a steep terraced valley, then camped for the night on a craggy hilltop. The Galician night came quickly: the hills turned purple, and the valleys flooded with heavy shadow. Sitting on that hilltop, my teeth chattering as the night wind rose, I saw the small white ship, my last link with England, die away in the darkness.

I found a rough little hollow out of the wind, ate some bread and dates, unrolled the blanket, and wrapped myself inside it. I slept little that night: I was attacked by wild dogs—or they may have been Galician wolves. They came slinking and snarling along the ridge of my crater, hackles bristling against the moon, and only by shouting, throwing stones, and flashing my torch in their eyes was I able to keep them at bay. Not till early dawn did they finally leave me and run yelping away down the hillside, when I fell at last into a nightmare doze, feeling their hot yellow teeth in my bones.

When I awoke in the morning it was already light, and voices were screaming at one another in the valley. I looked at my watch and it was six o'clock, and I was heavily drenched in dew. I wriggled out of the blanket, crawled onto the ridge and lay in the rising sun, and was met by the resinous smell of drying bushes, peppery herbs, and stones. As I warmed my stiff limbs, I looked down the valley from which the sharp hard cries were coming, and saw a group of old women, as black as charcoal, slapping out sheets along the banks of a stream.

I was in a country of which I knew nothing. The names of Velázquez, Goya, El Greco, Lope de Vega were unknown to me; I'd never heard of the Cordovan Moors or the Catholic Kings; nor of the Alhambra or the Escorial. My small village school in England, always generous with its information as to the exports of Queensland and the fate of Jenkins's ear, had provided me with nothing more useful about Spain than that Seville had a barber and Barcelona had nuts.

But I was innocent then of my ignorance, and so untroubled by it. My clothes steamed and dried as the sun grew stronger. I nibbled some bread and fruit, rolled my things in a bundle, and washed my head and feet in a

spring. Then, shouldering my burden, and still avoiding the road,

I took a track southeast for Zamora.

For three or four days I followed the track through the hills, but saw only occasional signs of life—sometimes a shepherd's hut, or a distant man walking, or a solitary boy with a flock of goats—otherwise no sound or movement except the eagles overhead and the springs gushing out of the rocks. The track climbed higher into the clear, cold air, and I just followed it, hoping to keep direction. When twilight came, I curled up where I was, too exhausted to mind the cold.

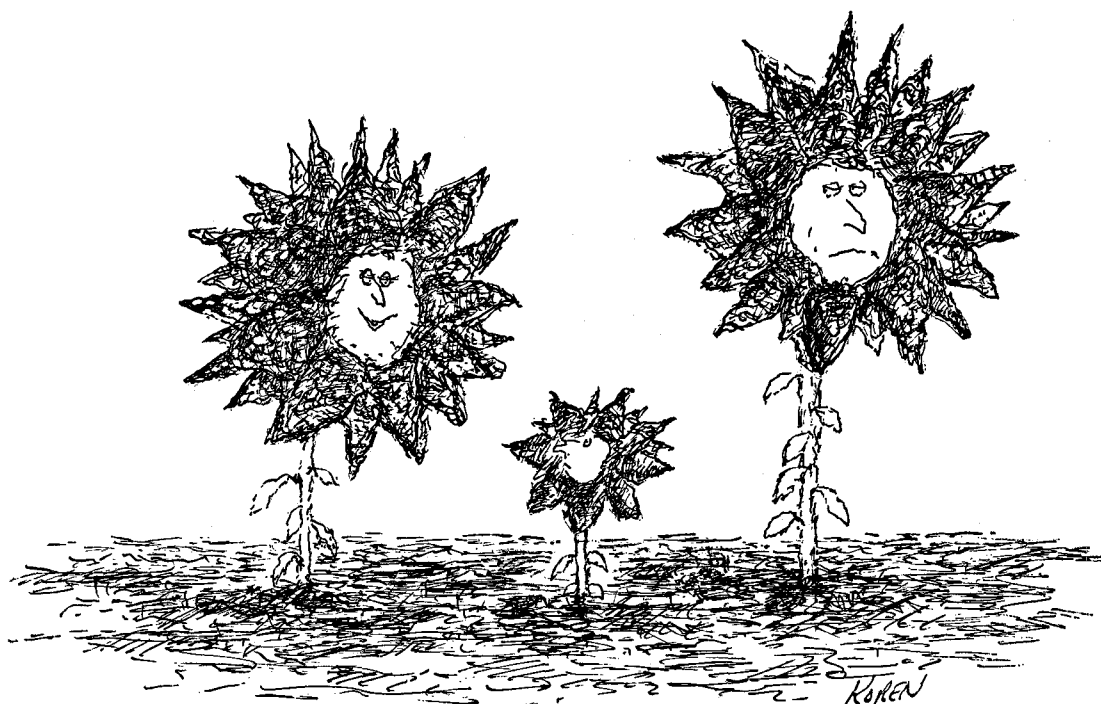
All I remember of those first days from Vigo is a deliriously sharpening hunger, an appetite so keen it seemed almost a pity to satisfy it. By the second day I'd finished my bread and dates, but I found a few wild grapes and ate them green, and also the remains of a patch of beans.

In a village square I came on a great studded door bearing the sign "Posada de Nuestra Señora." I pushed the door open and entered a white-washed courtyard hanging with geraniums and crowded with mules and asses. There was bedlam in the courtyard—mules stamping, asses braying, chickens cackling, and children fighting. A fat old crone, crouching by a fire in the corner, was stirring soup in a large black cauldron, and as she seemed to be in charge I went to her and made a sign for food. Without a word, she

lifted a ladleful of the soup and held it up to my mouth. I tasted and choked; it was hot, strong, and acrid with smoke and herbs. The old lady peered at me sharply through the fumes of the fire. She was bent, leather-skinned, bearded and fanged. I wiped my burnt mouth, nodded my head, and said "Good" in clear, loud English. She took a long pull herself, her mustached lips working, her eyes rolling back in her skull. Then she spat briskly into the fire, turned her head abruptly, and roared out in a deep, hoarse voice—and a barefooted boy, dressed only in a shirt, came and tugged my sleeve and led me to see the bedrooms.

Later, I was sitting in the courtyard under the swinging light bulbs, hungrily watching the supper cooking, when the innkeeper came out, a towel round his waist, and began to scrub his young son in the horse trough. The infant screamed, the old crone roared, the father shouted, sang, and lathered. Then suddenly, as by a whim, he shoved the child under the water and





"How were you born? Because your Daddy gave some of his pollen to a bee, who gave it to Mommy."

left him to see what he'd do. The screams were cut off as though by a knife, while the old woman and the father watched him. In a fierce, choking silence the child fought the water, kicking and struggling like a small brown frog, eyes open, mouth working, his whole body grappling with the sudden inexplicable threat of death. He was about one year old, but for a moment seemed ageless, facing terror alone and dumb. Then, just as he was about to give in, the woman picked up a bucket and threw it at the father's head, and at that he snatched up the child, tossed him in the air, smothered him with kisses, and carried him away.

Supper was laid at last on the long wooden table set out under the open sky. When it was ready, the innkeeper, with a sweep of his arm, invited me to join them. Carters and drovers gathered quickly round the table, and a girl dealt out loaves to each of us, and we ate the stew from a common dish, scooping it up with our bread. The old woman sat beside me and roared at me continuously, pinching my legs and thumping me in the belly and urging me on to eat.

When supper was over, the women swept the dishes away, and the carters curled up on the ground to sleep. I rose from my chair and stumbled away to my room, where I found six beds, full of men and fleas. Fowls were roosting in the rafters, and an old man lay fully clothed on the floor, fast asleep, with a goat tethered to his ankle. The room

was stifling, but the straw bed was soft. And there I slept, my head roaring with Spain.

FROM then on, the days merged into a continuous movement of sun and shadow, hunger and thirst, fatigue and sleep, all fused and welded into one colored mass by the violent heat of that Spanish summer. I had come now out of the hills of Galicia, along high, bare tracks overhanging the sheltered valleys where thick grass grew and herds of panting sheep gathered at noon by white-pebbled streams. I had skirted the mountains of León. I'd come through poor stone villages, full of wind and dust, where mobs of children convoyed me through the streets, and where priests and women quickly crossed themselves when they saw me, and there was nothing to buy except sunflower seeds. And I'd come down at last to the rich plain of the Douro, with its fields of copper earth, its violent outcrops of poppies running in bloodstained bandannas across acres of rasping wheat. After the green of the hills, the light here was lethal; it thumped the head and screwed up the eyes. I was burnt by the sun, and bug-ridden from the inns—but I was also beginning to pick up the language. Listening to people on the road, I noticed that their guttural flow had begun to break up and detach into words and phrases: "good," "bad," "bread and wine," "how much?," "too much," "shame"... So without more inhibi-

tion I started talking to everyone, offering anything that came to mind, and many a sombre patriarch jogging toward me on his mule would be met by some stumbling salutation, and would raise a stiff hand in defense and greeting, and bid me go with God.

In a back street in Zamora, I came upon three young Germans who were playing Strauss waltzes in the midst of a crowd of widemouthed children. Men had halted their mules, women stood listening in doorways or hung from balconies overhead. The musicians were doing well—pennies tumbled from windows or were tossed over the children's heads. I was cheered by the sight, as this was how I hoped to live. It seemed I'd come to the right country, poor as it was.

When they'd finished their playing, the boys spotted me in the crowd, nodded gaily, and addressed me in German. I explained where I came from, which wasn't what they expected, then we sat on the pavement and chattered in broken English. They were from Hamburg, they said, and had been in Spain two years, had circled it twice, and were planning to circle it again. They called themselves students, and said there were a large number in the country, playing instruments and living rough—partly for fun, and partly to get out of Germany; I was the first "student" they'd met from England.

The next day, I turned eastward, toward Valladolid. Almost immediately I regretted the cool alleys of the town, the scrubbed taverns and frothy fruit drinks. By the afternoon I was out in the plain, in an electric haze of heat, walking a white dust road as straight as a canal, banked by shimmering wheat and poppies. I felt I was treading the rim of a burning wheel, kicking it behind me step by step, feet scorched and blistered, yet not advancing an inch, pinned forever at this sweltering spot. For hours, it seemed, I had the same poppy beside me, the same cluster of brittle wheat, the same gold-leaf lizard flickering around my toes, the same anthill under the bank. The thick silent dust, lifted by shudders of heat rather than by the presence of any wind, crept into my sandals and between my toes, stuck like rime to my

lips and eyelashes, and dropped into the breathless cups of the roadside poppies to fill them with a cool white mirage of snow. All around me was silence, deep and dazed, except for the gritty rustle of the wheat. I walked head down, not daring to look at the sky, which by now seemed to be one huge sun.

At last, after some four hours on the road, I saw a break in the landscape—a red clay village, dry as the earth around it and compact as a termite's nest. I have forgotten its name, and can find nothing marked there on the map, but it occurred at just the right moment. Women and girls, in broad hats and veils, stood in graceful circles winnowing the grain in the wind, tossing and catching it in drifts of gold.

Some of the girls shouted a greeting as I approached, while the women paused to line up and stare; then children ran from the alleys and encircled me and ushered me noisily into the village. They aped my walk, and grinned and beckoned, and finally led me to the village inn. Inside, all was cool and bare. Chickens pecked at the floor and swallows flashed from the high, arched ceiling.

A middle-aged woman and her daughter sat just inside the door, stitching at a piece of lace. The woman was fleshy but handsome, with the strong, brooding eyes and confident mouth of the matriarch. She considered me for a moment over the top of her steel-rimmed spectacles, then said, "Rest, and I'll get you some food."

I slumped down at the table and lay with my head in my arms. At dusk, an old man came in from threshing, shaking the chaff from his hair.

"You want to sleep here tonight?" the woman asked me.

"How much?"

"For a straw sack—two pennies."

"Good," I said. "Then I will sleep with you."

"No—you will sleep on the sack."

The old man wheezed, the girl covered her face, and the woman piled her sewing on top of her head. Then, with a click of her tongue, she heaved her bulk from the chair and skipped lightly toward the stove.

Two dusty young men came through the open door, leading a pig on a rope. "My sons," said the woman. They poured water over their heads, then filled up the trough for the animals. Mother and daughter set the table for supper, while the old man poured me wine. Then, with formal excuses and requests for forgiveness, the family began its meal.

The evening now was close and smoky. The lamp was lit, and the great doors shut. I was getting used to this pattern of Spanish life, which could have been that of England two centuries earlier. This house, like so many others I'd seen already, held nothing more than was useful for living—no fuss of furniture and unnecessary decoration, being as self-contained as the Ark. Pots, pans, the chairs and tables, the manger and drinking trough, all were of wood, stone, or potter's clay, simply shaped and polished like tools. At the end of the day, the doors and windows admitted all the creatures of the family: father, son, daughter, cousin, the donkey, the pig, the hen, even the harvest mouse and the nesting swallow, bedded together at the fall of darkness.

Suddenly one of the sons spotted my rolled-up blanket with the violin sticking out of it. "*Música!*" he cried, and went and fetched the bundle and laid it gingerly on the table before me.

"*Si, hombre,*" said the mother. "Come, divert us a little. Touch us a little tune." The old man woke up, and the daughter put down her sewing, lifted her head, and even smiled.

I was half drunk by now; in fact, I felt like a bonfire, full of dull smoke and hot congestion. I sat down on the ground and tore drunkenly into an Irish reel. They listened, openmouthed, unable to make head or tail of it. Then I tried a woozy fandango which I'd picked up somewhere along the way, and comprehension jerked them to life. The girl stiffened her body, the boys grabbed a handful of spoons and began slapping them across their knees, and the woman leapt to her feet and started stamping the ground, raising great clouds of dust around me. Not to be outdone, the old man left the shadows, struck a posture, and faced the woman. She all flesh, he thin as a straw, together they began a dance of merciless contest, while the boys thumped their spoons, the woman



shouted "Ha!" and the hens flew squawking under the table.

THE boys were up early, at about half past four, coughing and stamping around the barn. The doors were thrown open to let in the cold pink dawn, and the animals were driven out to the fields. I was still heavy with wine and would have liked more sleep, but it was made clear that the day had started, and soon the girl was about with her birch-twigg broom, sweeping the chickens across my face.

Breakfast was a wedge of dry bread and a bowl of soup-thick coffee floating with fatty gobs of goat's milk. By the time I'd swallowed it, it was six o'clock, and all the village was on the move. Framed in the open doorway, great golden wagons went swaying down the cobbled street, followed by soft-padding strings of tasselled donkeys, the sun shining red through their ears.

The rest of the day I remember only vaguely. It was one of the hottest of that Spanish summer. The road ran through the wheat as straight as a meridian, and I followed it east toward the morning sun, which was already huge and bloated. After a while, being outdoors became a hallucination, and one felt there was no longer any air to breathe, only clinkered fumes and blasts of sulphur that seemed to rise through cracks in the ground. I remember stopping for water at silent farms where even the dogs were too exhausted to snarl, and where the water was scooped up from wells and irrigation ditches and handed to me warm and green.

I kept on walking because there was no shade to hide in, and because it seemed to be the only way to agitate the air around me. I began to forget what I was doing on the road at all; I walked on as though keeping a vow, till I was conscious only of the hot red dust grinding like pepper between my toes.

By midmorning I was in a state of developing madness, possessed by pounding deliriums of thirst, my brain running and reeling through all the usual obsessions that are said to accompany the man in the desert. Fantasies of water rose up and wrapped me in cool, wet leaves, or pressed the thought of cucumber peel across my stinging eyes and filled my mouth with dripping moss. I began to drink monsoons and winter mists, to lick up the first fat drops of thunder, to lie down naked on deep-sea sponges and rub my lips against the scales of fish. I saw the steamy, damp-uddered cows of home

CREPE DE CHINE

When she gives a "psychic reading,"
which isn't likely to be more than once—at the most twice—a day,
a set of Oriental glass chimes,
suspended from the ceiling of her
tackily exotic little "parlor,"
announces that a client has entered.

She calls out hoarsely "*Un moment*"
but keeps the customer waiting two or three minutes
before she emerges from her shadowy living quarters with an air of
indifference and fatigue.

Invariably she is dressed,
or you might say costumed,
in lavender or rose-colored crepe de Chine,
shadowy as the room from which she emerges,
and this crumpled apparel is not redeemed
by her string of dimly opalescent beads.

Usually she will condescend to say "*Bonjour*" to the client,
almost as if she were expelling
her last breath,
and after this ominous greeting she will mumble something unintelligible.
"What?"
"Nothing. Sit down."

She will then have, or affect to have, a little attack
of asthma.
"The dampness of these old houses," she will mutter.
And yet, despite all this atmosphere of fakery,
the reading will be honest, sometimes distressingly so.

"I am afraid that you have waited too long to consult
a competent physician."
"Your idea that you are loved is altogether mistaken."
"Your employment—I mean the business in which you're engaged—is
in so precarious a state that I can only advise you
to give it up or liquidate it,
and retire to an inexpensive foreign place, perhaps some unfashionable
town in Mexico.

Of course I am sorry
to give you this information, but the truth is something
for which there is no substitute."

When the unnerved client has paid her the variable fee
and returned to the relative comfort
of the street's weather,
The Crepe-de-Chine,
as she is called in the Quarter,
must drink a bit of brandy
to assuage her true distress, her headache, and her exhaustion. . . .

—TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

plant their pink-lily mouths in the
brook, then stand, knee-deep among
dragonflies, whipping the reeds with
their tasselled tails. Images bubbled
up green from valleys of shining rain
and fields of storm-crushed grass, with



streams running down from the lime-cold hills into buttery swamps of flowers. I heard my mother again in her summer kitchen splashing water on garden salads, heard the gulping gush of the garden pump and swans' wings beating the lake. . . .

The rest of the day was a blur. I remember seeing the spire of a church rising from the plain like the jet of a fountain. Then there was a shower of eucalyptus trees brushing against a

roadside tavern, and I was at a bar calling for bottles of pop.

"No, no! You mustn't drink. You will fall down dead." A woman threw up her hands at the sight of me, then turned, alarmed, to shout at a couple of well-dressed gentlemen eating radishes at a table in the corner.

I heard their voices fading and booming around me. My head felt feverish, tight and bursting. Then someone was leaning over me. "Holy Mother of God, give the young man a little drink. If he lives, and still wishes to go to the city, we will take him in the car."

The first mouthful of mineral water burst in my throat and cascaded like frosted stars. Then I was given a plate of ham and several glasses of sherry, and a deep languor spread through my limbs. I remember no more of my benefactors, or what they said—only the drowsy glories of drinking. Later, much later, I was lifted to my feet and half led, half carried outside. Then, stretched fast asleep in the back of the car, I was driven like a corpse into Valladolid.

The motorcar dropped me in the middle of the city at dusk, and I found myself surrounded by churches and crypt-like streets bound by the rigidity of sixteenth-century stone. There was little life to be seen in the listless alleys, and the street lamps were hooded by a mysterious thickness of the light. Down a narrow lane, I suddenly came on the barracks—a great pile of medieval granite. Groups of ragged young conscripts lay about on the pavement, crouching in hazy circles of lamplight, scratching, spitting, playing tattered cards, and passing their penniless time. I asked them where I might find a lodging.

"Try the Borracho," said one, and pointed across the road.

"An ogre," said another.

"But don't mind him. He's got beds of brass."

I found the Borracho sitting in a filthy room swilling wine from a goat-skin bag. A naked child lay asleep on the table beside him with its head pillowed in a half-cut pumpkin. The Borracho had spiky gray hair and the looks of a second murderer. His face was dark and greasy, and a mustache curled round his lip like an adder.



"Now, look! It says right here on the can how good this is for you: 'Recommended by veterinarians everywhere. Beef livers appetizingly cooked in their own juices. Vitamin C added. Contains minimum daily requirement of riboflavin...'"

I asked for a bed, and he glowered at me.

"Go sleep in the river," he said.

But I wouldn't budge. It was almost midnight now, and all I wanted to do was sleep. I repeated my question, and the man suddenly crumpled up and quite childishly began to cry. His fleshy lips curled back and he grizzled like an infant, looking piteously about him for comfort. I offered him a cigarette and he took it between his long black nails, without looking at it, and ripped it down the middle. Then, rolling tobacco and paper into a neat little ball, he popped it into his mouth.

"What about a bed then?" I asked.

He looked at me with hatred, but eventually got to his feet.

"There's only one," he said. "And may you be pleased to die in it."

I was awakened next morning by the high, clear voice of a boy singing in the street below. The sound lifted me gradually with a swaying motion as though I was being cradled on silken cords. The boy was leaning against a lamppost beneath the barrack walls and carrying a basket slung over his shoulders. He was about twelve years old, thin and scrub-headed, and was obviously singing for what he could get. But he sang with the whole of his body, his eyes tight closed, his bare throat rippling in the sunlight, and his voice had that nasal wail which obliterated the city around him—the voice of Islam, aimed at the sky and pitched to an empty landscape. Unshaven soldiers, half dressed and quiet, leaned listening from the barrack windows. Some of them threw him bits of bread and slices

of orange, and when he'd finished he gathered them up in the basket.

Valladolid had a better face this morning. An innocent radiance glittered over the heavy buildings. The sky was a blank, hard blue, almost chemically blue, stretched for another day of heat. But the time had come for me to make some money.

I'D been told that street fiddlers in Spain would need a license—though not every city demanded it. So off I went, after breakfast, to the city hall, which looked like a bankrupt casino. Soldiers with fixed bayonets sat around on the stairs, and hungry dogs ran in and out like messengers, while the usual motionless queues of silent peasants waited for officials who would never appear. Doubting that there would be a queue for fiddlers that morning, I climbed the stairs and opened the first door I came to.

The room inside was large and crowded with heavy presidential furniture. At a desk by the window sat a reed-thin man—or, rather, he inclined himself parallel to it, his feet on a cabinet, a cigar in his mouth, and a chess-board across his knees.

"You are lost, perhaps?"

"I'd like to see the mayor," I said.

"So would I. So would all the world."

"Is he away?"

The man giggled, and a convulsion ran up his body like an air bubble up a spout.

"Yes, he's away. He's gone to the madhouse."

I said I was sorry, but he raised his hand.

"Oh, no. He is happy. Who wouldn't be in such a place? Biscuits and chocolate at all hours of the day. Nuns to talk to, and colored wool to play with. . . . At least, so they say." He looked secretively at his cigar. "But you see me here. If I can help . . ."

When I told him what I wanted, he gave a little musical squeak and his eyebrows jumped with pleasure.

"How charming," he murmured. "But of course you shall. One moment—Manolo, please!"

A swarthy young man, dressed in trousers and pajama top, entered softly from another room.

"Find me a license, Manolito."

"What kind of license?"

"Oh, any kind. Only make it a nice one."

"Then permit me, Don Ignacio." The young man grasped his chief by the legs, hoisted them from the cabinet, and searched the papers beneath



them. Meanwhile, Don Ignacio reclined indolently, his legs stuck in the air, beaming upon me and singing "Rumpty-dum-diddle."

"To sell water," murmured the clerk. "To erect a small tomb. . . . To beat gold. . . . To press juniper berries. . . . Ah, here we have it, I do believe. Don Ignacio, with your permission . . ."

He replaced his chief's legs on the cabinet and handed him a kind of finely engraved checkbook, together with pen and ink. Don Ignacio doubled up and began to write, rolling his tongue and grunting with effort. Delicate scrolls and decorations ran over the paper, feathery tendrils in violet ink; then the thing was finished, dusted and sealed, and signed with a delicious flourish.

"There," said Don Ignacio. "The city is yours. Rumpty-dum-diddle-de-ay."

I studied my license and was pleased with it. It looked like a Royal Charter.

"That will be half a peseta," said Don Ignacio mildly, swinging his feet back onto the top of the cabinet. Then he invited me to join him in a game of chess, and the question of the fee was forgotten.

LATER, armed with my license, I went back to the Borracho's to fetch my violin and get to work. Dusting off the new straw hat which I'd bought in Zamora market, I went out—for the first time in a Spanish town—to try my luck in the streets. I found a busy lane, placed my hat on the ground, and struck up a rusty tune. No sooner had I started to play than everybody gathered round me in a

silent mass, blocking the traffic, blotting out the sun, and treading my new hat into the ground. Again and again I fished it from under their feet, straightened it out, and moved somewhere else. But as soon as I struck up afresh, the crowd re-formed and encircled me, and I saw in their scorched brown faces an expression I was soon to know well—a soft, relaxed childishness and staring pleasure, an abandonment of time to a moment's spectacle.

This was all very well, but I was making no money—and there was scarcely room even to swing my arm.

Presently, a policeman appeared, his unbuttoned tunic revealing a damp and hairy chest. He had a dirty rifle slung over his shoulder and was sucking a yellow toothpick.

"German?"

"No, English."

"License?"

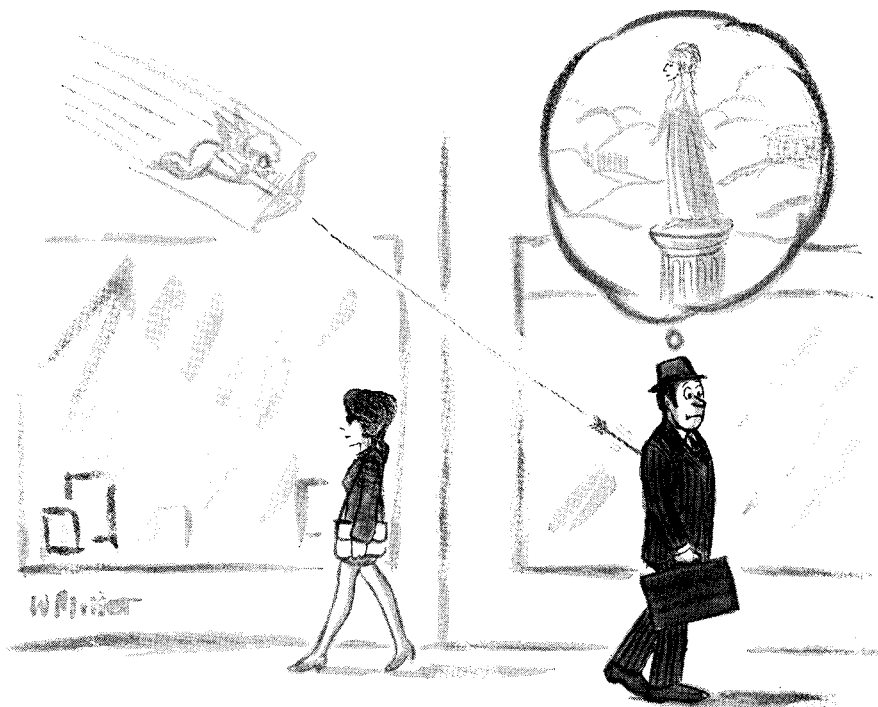
"Yes."

He gave it a slumberous, heavy-lidded glance. Then, shifting his gun to his other shoulder, he hooked my hat onto the toe of his boot, kicked it high in the air, caught it, shook it, and turned crossly upon the crowd.

"Have you no shame?" he demanded. "Or are you the beggars of this town? Look, not a penny, not a dried garbanzo. Have you no dignity to be standing here? Either pay or go."

Giggling uneasily, the crowd backed away. There was the tinkle of a coin on the pavement. The policeman picked it up, dropped it into the hat, and handed it to me with a bow.

"Milk from dry udders," he said loftily. "You are welcome. Now please continue."



At midday, I stopped, having made about three pesetas. The heat by now was driving everyone indoors. So I bought a bottle of wine and a bag of plums and took them down by the river. There, under the mulberry trees, where some thin grass grew, I sat watching the slow, green flow of the water. I drowsed off immediately with a half-eaten plum in my hand and the bottle of wine untasted. Spanish afternoon sleep was new to me, and I woke dazed, my limbs glutted with stupor. It was about five o'clock. A girl was wading in the river, her brown legs shining like caramel, while on the opposite bank, in a cloud of red dust, a boy was driving some mules to drink.

The hours had been eaten away, and evening had started, but I was content to lie where I was, to watch the drinking mules, and the girl in the river, and the boy, who was watching the girl.

I went back to the town that evening in a mood of gauzy unreality, of vague, unthinking enchantment. I remember kicking a melon along the street and feeling the air brush around my body. I played no music that night, but went from bar to bar, drinking glasses of clotted wine. I was feverish, drowsy, and sentimental. I still had a touch of the sun.

The following morning, the light-headedness continued, a curious suspension of focus. I returned to the market for breakfast, among sudden uproars and silences, with church bells kicking in the throbbing towers. Eating bread and sausage, my back to the church wall, I was aware only of this point of time, the arrested moment of casual detail, the unsorted rubbish of

now. I felt the heat of the sun dampened by icy drafts blowing from fish boxes stacked nearby. I remember a yawning cat—a pincushion of teeth and whiskers—sitting on a palm leaf in the gutter. A man said “Good morning” and passed out of my life, stepping on a petal as though extinguishing a match. I saw an empty wine barrel roll out of a tavern door, turn slowly, and roll back in again. I saw a hole in the road suddenly wink like a cyclops as a shadow flowed in and out of it. A boy lifted his shirt and scratched his belly, a housewife picked up and put down an orange, and a mule stopped in the road, looked straight into my face, and wrinkled up his wet brown-papery nostrils.

FOR several more days the city moved somnambulant before me, like a series of engravings seen through watery glass. Soldiers, priests, and an outer fringe of beggars—three silent and separate categories; there were times at night, with the dust blowing in from the plain, when there seemed to be no one else but these in the city. The soldiers and beggars groped among the great blank buildings, invisible to each other’s miseries, invisible also to the sleek black priests slipping down alleys like padded cats.

But the beggars I remember as something special to Valladolid, something it had nursed to a peak of malformation and horror. One saw little of them by day; they seemed to be let out only at night, surreptitiously, like mad relations. Then, limping, scuffling, hopping, and creeping, they came slowly out of the shadows, ad-

vancing toward one at pavement level to a rhythmic chanting of moans and whispers. Here were old men, youths, and shrivelled children; creatures of every imaginable curse and deformity—blind, dumb, without hands, without feet, covered with sores, dragging their bodies like sacks.

There was almost nothing for them in the streets except to act out their mutilations, sightlessly begging the empty air, holding up stumps of arms, pointing to empty eye sockets, wrapping and unwrapping the worst of their sores. The children were especially quiet—mute concentrations of martyrdom, unable to envisage the stretch of doom ahead. They stood numbly apart, gazing through red-filmed eyes and holding out tiny wrinkled palms.

Young and old were like emanations of the stifling medievalism of this pious and cloistered city—infected by its stones, like the pockmarked effigies of its churches, and part of one of the more general blasphemies of Spain.

THERE are certain places one leaves never expecting to see again, and I don’t even wish to return to that city. I rose at dawn and went to the patio pump and washed it from my hands and face. Then, with my bags on my back, I passed through the damp, flushed streets and entered once more into the open country.

Where should I go now? It didn’t matter. Anywhere south would do. Segovia, Madrid, the heart of Castile lay before me, and that was the direction I took. After the shuttered town, the landscape seemed to have broken from prison and rolled, free and glittering, away. Green oaks like rocks lay scattered among the cornfields, with peasants chest-deep in the wheat. It was the peak of harvest, and figures of extraordinary brilliance were spread across the fields like butterflies, working alone or in clusters, and dressed to the pitch of the light—blue shirts and trousers, and with broad gold hats tied with green and scarlet cloths. Submerged in the wheat, sickles flickered like fish, with rhythmic flashes of blue and silver; and as I passed, men straightened and shielded their eyes, silently watching me go, or a hand was raised in salute, showing among its sun-black fingers the glittering sickle like a curved sixth nail.

After the cramped shames of the city, it was like a gulp of pure water to be back in this open landscape in the rustling silence of the naked plain, its heaving solitude of raw, burnt light.

Toward evening, I came to a village

of mud—little more than a tumble of earth in a gully. Few of the houses were whole, few had glass in their windows, most of the roofs were stuffed with sacking. They stood broken and bandaged, half supporting each other like survivors from an old lost war.

The door of the inn was simply patched with a sheep hurdle, and a wolfhound lay across the threshold. When the innkeeper appeared, I asked if I could stay the night.

"The world is free," he said. "Why not?"

He gave me a loaf, and a rusty tin of sardines, which I cut open with my knife. Two shabby Civil Guards were playing cards in a corner, their guns spread out on the table. Fat pink faces, small black eyes, cheating and quarrelling, they watched me darkly. When I'd finished my supper, I began to write some notes, which they seemed to consider an act of reckless defiance. Throwing down their cards and picking up their guns, they strode noisily across to my table. The notebook was snatched from my hand, sniffed at, shaken, thumped hard, and held upside down. A volley of questions followed, baffled and truculent. What was all this, they asked. They didn't like the look of it. Where was I from—and where were my documents? ... Speak up! I had much to answer for. A muddy half hour was spent in this oafish wrangle, while the innkeeper watched us from a hole in the wall. Finally, my indecipherable writing, and the stupidity of my replies, drove them glowering back to their corner.

I had already learned to be wary of the Civil Guards. They would suddenly ride down upon you on their sleek black horses, far out in the open country, and crowd around you, all leather and guns, and put you through a bullying interrogation. Most of them were afraid, and lived in a social vacuum which could only be filled with violence; they had few friends in this country and were suspicious of strangers and, indeed, of anyone on the road.

So for the rest of the night these two left me alone. I wrote, and they drank and quarrelled.

I'd been almost a month on the road since I landed at Vigo, and was now finding the going better. At first I'd hobbled, but my blisters had hardened and at last I could walk without pain. I developed a long, loping stride which covered some twenty miles a day—an easy, monotonous pace—slightly faster

than the mule trains strung along the route, though slower than trotting asses. On these straight Spanish roads, so empty of motorcars, we moved between horizons like ships at sea, often remaining for hours within sight of each other, gradually losing or gaining ground. The mule trains at that time were the caravans of Castile, one of the threads of the country's life—teams of small tasselled animals drawing high blue carts brightly painted with vines and flowers. As gaudy as barges or wedding floats, mounted on squealing five-foot wheels, they worked from city to city at three miles an hour—a rhythm unchanged since the days of Hannibal—carrying charcoal, firewood, wineskins, olives, oil, old iron, and gossip. The drivers were a race apart, born and bred on the road, and recognizable by their flat, almost Siberian faces. With long whips and short legs, they travelled like Arabs, some with boys to look after their comforts, and slept at noon in hammocks slung between the wheels, rocking gently to the pace of the mules, and then spent their nights round fires among the open rocks or wrapped in harness in the courtyards of inns. They were the hereditary newsmongers of the Spanish plains, old as the wheel and separate in their ways as gypsies.

I FOLLOWED this straight southern track for several days, living on figs and ears of wheat. Never in my life had I felt so fat with time, so free of the need to be moving or doing. For hours I could watch some manic ant dragging a piece of orange peel through the grass, pushing and pulling against impossible barriers in a confused and directionless frenzy.

Then one day I noticed a long, low cloud lifting slowly above the southern horizon, a purple haze above quivering plain—the first sign of the approaching Sierras. After the monotonous wheat fields, it was like a landfall, the distant coastline of another country, and as I walked it climbed steadily till it filled half the sky—the immense barrier of the Guadarramas.

Already cool winds were blowing down from its peaks, and the plain was lifting into little hills, and by the next afternoon I'd left the wheat behind me and entered a world of Nordic pine-woods. Here I slept an hour among the resinous trees—a fresh green smell as sweet as menthol compared with the animal reek of the plain.

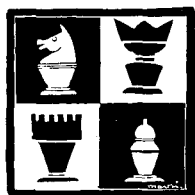
The villages in the foothills were

full of flowers and fountains, but none of them had any food. I remember Cuéllar, Shulammonon, and Naval de Oro—places of steep, craggy lanes and leaf-smothered towers and old doors pitted with gigantic keyholes. But all I got to eat from the lot of them was a piece of goat's cheese as hard as a stone.

The wine in Shulammonon was raw and bitter but cost less than a penny a glass. While trying some of this, I met an Englishwoman from Walsall, who had just spent five weeks touring Morocco with her husband. She looked worn out and bewildered. Her husband was asleep in the street. She asked for news of the Royal Family.

Early one evening, I left the last of these villages and headed for Segovia, about six miles away. I got a lift in a farmer's cart, which was loaded with sacks of chaff. As we lumbered along, the farmer talked about work and looked at my hands out of the corner of his eye. "It is different in some countries, I believe," he said. "But God gave us a country we must fight like a lion." Suddenly he uttered a loud cry, lashed the mules with his whip, and aimed the cart straight up the hillside, leaving the road altogether to follow some ancient track which climbed sheer among the boulders. The mules kicked and slithered, dug their hind legs into the ground, and spread their haunches like thin black frogs, panting and straining, while the cart rocked like a ship and I clung to the farmer's belt. Half an hour later, with the wheels bouncing off rocks and the mules in a lather of sweat, we reached the top of the rise and saw the city below us, and the farmer locked the wheels for the downhill slide.

Segovia was a city in a valley of stones—a compact, half-forgotten heap of architectural splendors built for the glory of some other time. Here were churches, castles, and medieval walls standing sharp in the evening light, but all dwarfed by that extraordinary phenomenon of masonry the Roman aqueduct, which overshadowed the whole. It came looping from the hills in a series of arches, some rising to over a hundred feet, composed of blocks of granite weighing several tons and held together by their weight alone. This imperial gesture, built to carry water from a spring ten miles away, still strode across the valley with massive grace, a hundred vistas framed by its soaring arches, to enter the city at last high above the rooftops, stepping like a mammoth among the houses. I found an inn tucked away under the aqueduct, conveniently roofed by one





"You bet your sweet life we're deductible. They're deductible when they're at our place."

of its arches—a vast, cavelike place of naked granite smelling warmly of pigs and horses.

After a supper of beans and mutton, served in a cloud of woodsmoke, I was invited out into the plaza to watch a midnight *cine*. Here, once again, the aqueduct came into use, with a cotton sheet strung from one of its pillars, onto which a pale beam of light, filtering from an opposite window, projected an ancient and jittery melodrama. Half the town, it seemed, had turned out for the show, carrying footstools and little chairs, while children swarmed on the rooftops and hung in clusters from the trees, their dark heads shining like elderberries.

The film's epic simplicity flickered across the Roman wall, vague and dim as a legend. The appearance of the villain was met by darts and stones, the doltish hero by exasperation, while a tide of seething concern was reserved for the plight of the heroine. When the hero finally bestirred himself and disembowelled the villain with a knife, the

audience was satisfied and went to bed.

One afternoon, just outside the city walls, I found the little church of the local Virgin, a macabre memorial lying at the foot of the Peña Grajera—the desolate Cliff of Crows. This granite rock, smothered with croaking birds, was also Segovia's cliff of blood, one of many such places of easy death to be found on the edge of Spanish towns. From here, in the past, Segovia had been in the habit of tossing into the gorge its felons, adulterers, and heretics, thus suiting poverty and indolence by saving the price of a bullet or the extra effort of a sword thrust. A strolling priest took pains to give me these local titbits, as well as to explain the significance of the birds on the cliff, pointing out that the slain, in any case, belonged to the world of the damned and that the crows were the ghosts of their Godless souls.

The priest seemed drawn to this noisome place, and stayed with me for a while, gazing with a soft little smile at the fouled-up cliff where the birds

rustled and flapped like bats. He mentioned the thirteenth-century heroine Maria del Salto, a beautiful Jewess accused of adultery. "Having been cast from the rock in the usual manner," he said, "she called on the Virgin to prove her innocence, and was compassionately halted while still in mid-air and allowed to float unhurt to the ground." The little church in the gorge was built to commemorate the miracle—with no effect on later victims, apparently. But all I remember now is not the sedate little church but the rock like a bruise above it, its bloodstained face and exhausted crevices haunted by the harsh, dry voices of the birds.

Segovia left me with echoes of that carrion-infested place, together with the hollow reverberations of the aqueduct. And with one other, the last, as I walked out of the town and passed the silent and shuttered bullring, and saw a white-faced matador being carried to his car, weeping softly, attended by whispering friends. —LAURIE LEE

OPEN AND SHUT

(CONFUSED MEMORIES OF A DUSTY BROWSE THROUGH THE
"YOUR CHOICE—25¢" SHELF IN A SECONDHAND-BOOK STORE)

THE lentil said, "I also have so far escaped being put in the pot. Shall I tell you my secret?"

"Yes, yes!" cried all the young beans.

"Very good," said the wise lentil. "When the old woman gets back—"

Wheel and such early greats of the two-a-day as McIntyre & Mayer, The Merry Hibernians, Reintz the Human Pretzel, Cudjo & "Colonel" Culpepper, The Five Platters, Rosetta & Dooley, "Bessie Long Legs" Hart, McCallum's Pigs in "School Daze," The Two Pucks—

HERE, scarce halfway up old Monadnock's hump but still in sight of our drowsy fellow-picnickers, let us pause for a moment to catch our breath and admire the scented clusters of vetch-violet, the nodding racemes of the humble peanut wort, the shy spleenax. And the common wayside weeds—cow's-breath and parsimony! And the wild grasses all nodding together! But today let us leave them unplucked, for there by that dancing brook just ahead I see our prize at last, the shy fingerlets of Crown-of-August flowers, whose—

ONLY my younger readers, perhaps, will be unable to remember the "glory days" of the old Keith

THE old Earl stared all unseeing at the dying embers, knitting his shaggy eyebrows. Mrs. Darling had drawn his gout stool closer to the fire and now awaited his settling his foot upon it. Should she tell him the truth about young Bevis, who had been ushered quietly in and who now stood timorously behind the door, his tattered cap in hand? Scarce two hours had passed since Nanny Dawes had taken her aside in the pantry to whisper her well-kept secret, yet it seemed—

...as the village worshippers, emerging from chapel and blinking the bright noonday sunlight of St. Philip's Day, remarked upon the striking pair, the fierce, silver-haired old man and, beside him, the upright, merry lad.



"Don't look so surprised. You know very well crime is rife."

"Mark ye the nose and that bold chin?" whispered old Hodge. "Aye, 'tis Ormand's son right enough—"

... Amid shoutings and joyful clamor the young couple rose shyly to their feet. "A toast!" cried out the old nobleman. "A toast to the young heir of Blerrycourt and Lady Lorena Hogg!"

Fast, right fast de night's a-fallin'
An' I heah de croakers callin'
'Mongst de katydids.

Deely, gal, go stir dat stew,
Full ob Mistah Possum brew,
Wif dat 'simmon flaboh steepin'
As de shades ob dahk come creepin'.

Oh, Florida's de lan' fo' me,
Hi-trollollie lollie-lee!

"MY mind is not quiet," said Pui-ko.

Ki-tung remained silent until seven more lotus petals had fallen into the pool. Then he cut off his own forefinger and handed it to his disciple.

Pui-ko laid it on his fan.

Ki-tung laughed. "Now you have it," he said. "When the Snow Carp slumbers and the Kingfisher falls from his stump, then you will know that—"

HOLDING trunk of the Marionette Cat firmly in left hand, run thread C through hip joints and then through aperture E at shoulders. Tie on threads G, B, and F before fastening K to forepaws. Attach slip-knot (see page 37) above ears and nail head assembly to $\frac{3}{8}$ " dowel rod at O, and you are ready for the somewhat more difficult final tieups of the counterweighted tongue and tail. As for the Merry Pedlar, first take a medium-sized potato or an old croquet ball and—

REVIEW AND QUIZ, CHAPTER II

1. What is a geyser? What is a Jurassic malm? A galvanotherm?
2. Name the Icelandic fault that led to Jensen's Error. Explain.
3. What was the fate of the lost Jensen Expedition?
4. Name the correct Epoch, Period, and Era of Professor Schumpeter's paperweight.
5. Describe a typical crust-buckle. Be precise.
6. Try to guess why President

Hoover once described the Delaware shelf as "a gneiss place to live."

NOW, as the long July twilight fell over the orchards and ripening cornfields of the Shenandoah, the fateful order of the next day's engagement could be perceived. From Peckett's Rill, to the southeast, the Union line ran roughly west and south to Three-Pumpkin Patch, then in a rough half scimitar through Burney's Slough, and thence downhill and north to the Mud Lane and Fichter's Mill. In his tent, General Tillotson squinted through a haze of cigar smoke at his maps. From left to right, his forces consisted of: the Eleventh Vermont, the Ninth Pennsylvania, Cowperthwaite's refitted Michigan Volunteers (the famed "Un-readies"), the Sixth Maine, the Newark Zouaves, the First and Second Ohio Light Horse (soon to be reconstituted as the Ninth Dismounted), the Illinois Rangers, the Twenty-Third New York, Farquherson's Cavalry, the green Massachusetts Sixth, and, holding the west flank, the veteran Patchogue Irregulars ("O'Malley's Jim-Dandies") and Schlieforth's Battery. Two miles away, on the dusty escarpments of Enteritis Heights, Tennessee cavalymen cursed as they whipped up the straining mules that were wheeling the last of Flemming's artillery pieces into position—aimed, unfortunately, in the wrong direction. Now Fighting Fred Tillotson sighed as he reread the garbled War Department telegram, little knowing that on the morrow its misplaced semicolon was to play such a—



"The sheep seem a bit uptight today."

WHEN Ictinius returned thither with the Four Golden Loaves, Queen Tumulae, still disguised as a basket, became further enraged and contrived to spirit from him the Miraculous Quiver. In the meantime, Magnesia and Sternum were making their way through a thicket in pursuit of the Weed Nymphs, who, laughing together, ran toward—

PHOTO (facing page 97) showing the Kaiser and Kaiserin with General Stettin at Wandervogel Field awaiting the arrival of the Airship Graf Pforzheim, which later blew up at Cuxhaven.

THE day before Drab Holidays, according to tradition, we drove the day boys, well routed, down the

steps of the Watchtower and onto Prefects' Green, where we leapt into the fray afresh and proceeded to trum-mel them to the last man. Worth, the birching monitor, had wagered a bottle of shoe blacking that I could not take the measure of Ned Sly, but my fore-knuckles soon proved him wrong and in the end he had to cry, "Famously done!" We had won the fight 'gainst the charity boys and could now go off a-gaily, knowing that, come Michael-mas Term, the Middlers' baths would be ours. Now, to make my joy complete, I saw Papa's drayman, Ben Drupper, leading my sorrel pony through the Iron Archway, come to fetch me home for the hols. His church hat was tipped over one eye,

and I knew that in his capacious cloak pocket I would find—

FOOTNOTES, Chapter 42:

1. *Ulick*. Horace Ulick (1797-1863), well-known poet-recluse of Wimbledon, author of "Deerpark Dilemmas" and "The Hermit of Sprinthorz."

2. *She*. Here, as elsewhere in so many of Dulhill's letters, his cook and housekeeper Dorothy.

3. *Darkened, Yea!* First words of the unfinished poem:

"Darkened, Yea! The faded path
Where once the Baby Rupert trod.
Airily, airily thrice he hath
Leapt the froglets' fenny bog."

4. *Queasyhaven*. A club to which Dulhill belonged.

5. *Plump morsel*. A nine-pound sausage bought by Jack Stark.

6. *Slapsinge*. A two-handed game of cards in which all the cards below the sevens are flipped toward the stove.

7. *Emmet*. In this case, probably not Lady Caroline but an ant.

—COLLEEN BROOKS



PROFILES



PRIME MINISTER / PREMIER MINISTRE

PIERRE TRUDEAU, the improbable fifteenth Prime Minister of Canada, whose dream is to mold a more nearly perfect government and save his country from dissolving into two separate nations, is a man who likes to have the last word. He has been talking back to people since boyhood. When he is reminded of this, he throws back his head and laughs. "Yes!" he says. "I was impertinent to my father, to my teachers—to everybody. It got me into trouble, but when I was intimidated I had to have the last word. As I became more mature, I would state my case and sit back, which is a form of answering." He has been stating his case since 1950, when, in the first issue of *Cité Libre*, a small, free-spirited French-Canadian magazine he helped to found, he presented his own theory of balanced action between central-government authority and provincial autonomy, in an article entitled "Politique Fonctionnelle." Last year, with characteristic consistency, he stated his case again, in a collection of speeches and essays called "Federalism and the French Canadians." He wants Canada, whose constitution provides for a form of government that unites the qualities of American federalism and British parliamentarianism, to become what he calls "a brilliant prototype" for tomorrow's world, and, as Prime Minister, he is in a position to try to make this particular dream come true.

Trudeau had few listeners until two years ago, when he was appointed Minister of Justice and Attorney General in the Cabinet of Lester B. Pearson, his predecessor as Prime Minister and as leader of the Liberal Party. Until 1965, when Trudeau joined the Liberals—the first time he had joined any party—ran for public office, also for the first time, and was elected a Member of Parliament from a well-to-do suburb of his birthplace, Montreal, he was almost unknown outside the Province of Quebec. Until he became Prime Minister, in 1968, he was not considered sufficiently important to have a listing in the Canadian *Who's Who*. Just a little more than a year ago, when Marc Lalonde, a Montreal lawyer who is now Trudeau's Principal Secretary and administrative Chief



of Staff, suggested to Jacques Hébert, a French-Canadian writer and publisher who is one of Trudeau's closest friends, the possibility of Trudeau's becoming Prime Minister, Hébert pronounced the idea "wonderful but crazy." Hébert has said since, "I could see ten years ago that he was perfect for the job, but I thought it not at all possible that in a democracy a man so well prepared as Pierre, so unlike the traditional politician, could be Prime Minister."

The aspect of Trudeau's complex personality that has caught the public imagination is his ability to "swing"—to close the gap between his own age, which is forty-nine, and the long-haired, miniskirted generation. When he was a bachelor Cabinet minister, his personal eccentricities fascinated a country that puts considerable stress on the proprieties. He would go to his office in Ottawa's austere Parliament Buildings in sports jacket, ascot, and sandals; he might stand on his head, walk on his hands, dive into a swimming pool fully clothed, or slide down bannisters in public places; he would drive a motorcycle or the latest-model sports car while wearing a leather coat, perhaps in the company of a ravishing

beauty of less than half his age. In his term as Minister of Justice, during which he introduced legislation that has broadened the grounds for divorce, liberalized the laws on abortion, and abolished penalties for homosexual acts between consenting adults, he remarked, "The state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation," and the remark was repeated with delight around the world. After he won the leadership of the Liberal Party, in April, 1968, and succeeded Pearson as Prime Minister, Trudeau called a general election for June, in the hope of obtaining a clear working majority in the House of Commons. In the ensuing campaign, his every quip made the headlines, and he was photographed dancing in the streets and kissing his way across the country. Kissing is as common a greeting in French Canada as handshaking is elsewhere, yet Trudeau's charm produced a nationwide reaction so powerful that it was given a name of its

own—"Trudeaumania." For many Canadians, stirred by the grand-scale celebration the previous year of a century of nationhood, Pierre Trudeau personified the centennial spirit and promised a fresh start for the second century of Canadian history.

The countless facets of Trudeau's personality inspire a wonderful variety of reactions. The view of a political enemy: "Pierre is conservative, but in the campaign he was passed off as having flowers in his mouth. He is one of the best-equipped men intellectually, but this is not enough until the ancient dream of a republic of philosophers is realized. His greatest weakness is aristocratic arrogance tied to no experience. He's a dabbler, a dilettante, an easy-going bachelor who likes travelling around the world and will soon get fed up with the job."

An official at Liberal Party headquarters: "Mr. Trudeau is a contemporary man, who looks, acts, and thinks the way we all believe a man of the twentieth century should. He is an I.B.M. computer. He is hip. He is thoughtful, worldly, exciting, candid. Somebody's going to say someday, 'Will the real Mr. Trudeau please stand up,' and about fifty-eight people will rise."

A left-wing Member of Parliament: "He is cautious and conservative, with nothing new or exciting to offer but his manner, which some people find exciting. He is a suspended brain, not fed much by the spirit, detached and cold. I think he's warm in personal relationships, but he is not sensitive to the needs and stirrings in the lower strata of society."

A prominent civil servant: "The Prime Minister has the most precise and logical mind I have ever worked with, a brilliant and versatile mind. He's a bundle of contradictions, different from what you would expect. He is mentally fresh and young, a superb companion. You might think he's frivolous, but he is intensely serious—a very hardworking person, who seldom takes time off for recreation."

An old friend: "The playboy image of Pierre reflects one-tenth of one per cent of his activity. Pierre is always challenging, provoking, shocking, so that no one can see what he's really like. He keeps us guessing all the time, which is what he wants. He is arrogant with people who don't know anything, and he himself has a passionate eagerness to know, to see and learn. He respects competence. He is an individualist who is always challenging himself, and who will always be lonely. He has one consistent personality trait, and this may be what some people don't like: to go through with anything he starts, and through to the end."

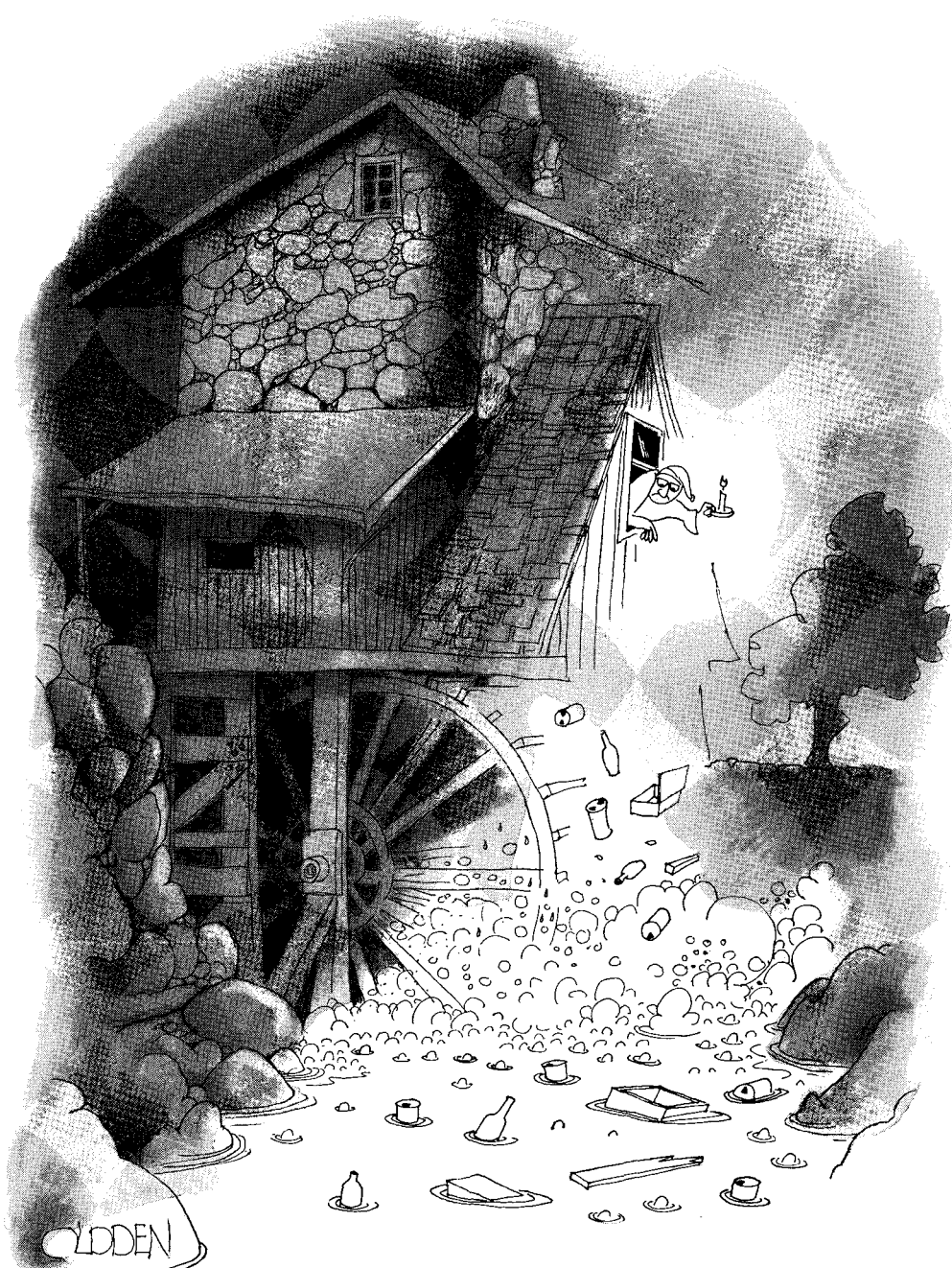
"MY life is one long curve, full of turning points. Like Einstein, I feel that space is curved," Pierre Trudeau said recently to a visitor, in one of his rare moments of relaxation on a working day. The two were sitting at lunch in the three-story rectangular gray stone house at 24 Sussex Drive, Ottawa, that is the official residence of Canada's Prime Ministers. It is a modest house in a lovely setting of lawns and rosebushes and petunia beds, with a crab-apple tree in the garden, and there is a view from the enclosed sun porch in the back across the Ottawa River to the Gatineau Hills, in Quebec Province, and a narrow white church spire in the Quebec town of Hull. The furnishings of the residence are those of a middle-class home: black leather and brown overstuffed chairs in a small, panelled library; chintz couches around a fireplace in a gray-carpeted, gray-walled living room; and, beside a window looking out on the river, a piano, which former Prime Minister Pearson played when he thought nobody could hear him. Mrs. Pearson's taste in in-

terior decorating dominates the rooms; Prime Minister Trudeau has changed nothing but the paintings, on loan from the National Gallery. He shows a marked preference for Abstract Expressionist works by Canadians, and especially for artists who have been his personal friends, among them the late Paul-Émile Borduas, Jean-Paul Lemieux, Alfred Pellan, and Micheline Beauchemin, creator of a handsome tapestry rug that hangs above a curving staircase in the hall.

The Prime Minister had arrived for lunch at one-thirty, half an hour behind schedule, bounding into the room with a broad smile of welcome, looking extremely natty in a well-tailored conservative brown suit, a striped tie, and a blue shirt that exactly matched

his eyes. He is a slim, athletic man of medium height. His receding brown hair is just beginning to gray, and there is a small bald patch at the back. His features are pleasantly irregular—high cheekbones, which give his face a faintly Oriental cast; a slightly aquiline nose; and a large mouth with very white, even teeth. His eyes are luminous, and of a blue so brilliant that the effect of his gaze is startling to some people, even a bit frightening. He looks at one with such intensity, seeming to listen with his eyes, that the object of his attention is apt to feel that every word spoken must be significant.

The Prime Minister apologized for his tardiness, and offered his visitor a cocktail. He was delighted when it was refused. "Good!" he said. "Then



"Clatter bang dum dum bonk clatter dum bang ta-de-bonk."

we can go right in and eat." He sat down at the lunch table and poured chilled dry white wine into small cut-crystal glasses, remarking that he drank very little and didn't smoke at all. "I'm not willing to sacrifice the control of physical and mental ability that drinking and smoking take away for what they give in return," he said. "I used to tell myself that smoking impaired the memory, and in time I believed that it did. I have always thought, Why should I lose even a little bit of my memory, since it is not all that good? Also, in my early boyhood I was frailer than most boys and I thought I had to be more careful. I still have to average eight hours' sleep. I think I just have to have that. I can go for weeks or months on five hours or so of sleep, as I did during the election campaign, but afterward I have to make up for it by sleeping twelve or thirteen hours."

THERE are many Trudeaus in Canada (more than six hundred are listed in the Montreal phone book), and, according to the Prime Minister, the first Trudeau arrived in Canada from France in either 1628 or 1632. The Prime Minister's father, Charles-Émile, who died in 1935, was a farmer's son who was trained as a lawyer and became a very successful businessman. Pierre Trudeau's mother, who is ill and lives in retirement in Montreal, was Grace Elliott, the daughter of a Scottish father and a French-Canadian mother. Pierre Trudeau grew up speaking both English and French at home, and is totally bilingual, but he believes that he writes with greater precision in French. In conversation, he is soft-spoken in either language, but he is also a superb orator. He speaks vibrantly in French, but in English, when he is tired, his voice can drop to a lifeless monotone.

Trudeau, whose distaste for growing older runs to a vagueness about his birth date, although he is otherwise precise about detail, was born on October 18, 1919. He has an older sister, Suzette—a shy but composed and

friendly woman, who is married to a dentist in Montreal and has three children—and a brother, Charles, two and a half years his junior. Charles is quiet and sensitive, and shares with his brother a deep love of the Canadian wilderness. An architect by profession, married but childless, Charles Trudeau is an expert skier and swimmer, and has become absorbed in art, music, and outdoor living, dwelling in a woodland area in the Laurentian Mountains in a striking modern house of his own design. Pierre Trudeau's most zealously guarded possession, next to his time, is his privacy, which also involves the right to privacy for his immediate family, with whom he has an affectionate relationship. Whenever he can, he slips off to Montreal for a weekend (he is likely to stay at a different hotel each time) and, after Sunday Mass, pays a visit to his mother. During his backbreaking coast-to-coast election campaign last year, he managed to find a telephone every night at seven o'clock and call her up.

Trudeau's father, who is said to have amassed at least a million dollars—now considerably increased—from service stations, real estate, and investments that included an amusement park and a baseball club, was a sporty extrovert, whom everyone called Charlie. Pierre was fifteen when his father died. In the curve of Trudeau's life, his friends believe, his father's death pro-

duced a deep sense of responsibility toward his family, which he still feels.

"My father taught me order and discipline, and my mother freedom and fantasy," the Prime Minister said, beginning the first course of the lunch—lentil soup. He has an expressive face, and it lights up as he speaks about people he loves. When he can, he likes to lunch informally at a small table in a bay window of the dining room, facing the garden and the view, as he and his visitor were doing on this day. The dining room proper is a large chamber with two huge crystal chandeliers above a long, handsome mahogany table, which can seat twenty-two. The table is frequently filled, because Trudeau likes to discuss the nation's affairs at dinner two or three nights a week.

The Prime Minister finished his soup and, as the next course was being served, said, *"My father believed in things done well. My mother was a great respecter of the freedom of her children and was always prepared to take a chance. I suppose that because my father gave us a strong disciplinary base I could make good use of that freedom. If I was going to take off for James Bay, for example, she would say, 'So long. Have a nice trip, and don't get drowned.' She never said, 'Why don't you work or study instead?' She just said, 'I'll expect you back when I see you.' She was like that about my friends, too—never said I*

couldn't bring someone home. She wasn't always off to parties, didn't break down and weep, never took things too tragically, never imposed her wishes on us. She left her children free. What happened is that my parents probably lived in a way that I found sound and I tended to imitate them. They didn't preach."

For years, Trudeau's mother, small, delicate, elegant, serene, was a *grande dame* to those who saw her at museums and concerts. During the Second World War, when there was not much cultural activity in Montreal, Pierre and Charles Trudeau regularly invited their friends to Sunday-night concerts of classical music from their



"One never hears about the ninety per cent of American youth who are law-abiding, clean, and studious, and don't concern themselves with war, bigotry, and human rights."

collection of records. "The concerts were attended by forty or fifty people, or even more, most of them artists and writers," Guy Viau, deputy director of the National Gallery in Ottawa, who has known Trudeau since they were both twelve, recalled recently. "The Trudeaus were fond of music and wanted to share it, although inviting so many people was something quite new for such a reserved family. Guests sat in the basement playroom, where the record-player was, and all the way up the stairs, and in the rooms on the ground floor, where the boys had put up extra speakers. We were all very serious, not social—it was just for music lovers." Another friend remembers that Mme. Trudeau used to remain on the second floor during the concerts but would come down later to say hello. "She would drift through the room, looking as if she weren't listening to the conversation, and then suddenly come out with a remark right to the point," he said. "She was intelligent, very clever, and the most charming person you can imagine. She was something like Pierre. We always suspected that she knew a lot more than she cared to say."

The Prime Minister's mother still lives in the family house, on McCulloch Street, off the broad Chemin de la Côte de Sainte-Catherine, in the Outremont section of Montreal, which is an old, prosperous residential area. McCulloch Street climbs an extremely steep hill, which levels off into a plateau of large houses and spacious grounds. Very few of the people walking or pushing bicycles up the hill seem to know where the Prime Minister's family house is. The Trudeau house is on a narrow lot, and is smaller than the ones surrounding it—a modest structure of brownish brick, with an old-fashioned front porch. The interior is conventional early-nineteen-twenties, except for several paintings on the walls in the downstairs rooms by Georges Braque, a friend and neighbor of Trudeau's uncle Gordon Elliott, a landscape architect who once lived in France. The only decoration that any of Trudeau's friends can remember in his room is a few paintings, and shelves filled with books from floor to ceiling. "A chair, an old desk, maybe a few souvenirs from trips—otherwise books and more books," says Jacques Hébert. Until a year ago, Trudeau also kept a flat on Sherbrooke Street, in the center of Montreal. It was a one-room kitchenette apartment, and, like his quarters at home, it had a Spartan quality. "A place to go, with a lot of

books there," Hébert says. "He doesn't like luxury."

A mile or so from the McCulloch Street house—a short bicycle ride for a boy in his teens—are the big, classical-style cream-colored brick buildings of the Jesuit Collège de Jean-de-Brébeuf, which the Prime Minister attended between the ages of twelve and twenty, leaving with a B.A. degree.

"I suppose the man who most influenced me as a student was Father Robert Bernier, a French Canadian from Manitoba," the Prime Minister said, a warm note in his voice. *He had just finished second helpings of fish soufflé and of cucumbers with sour cream and was sitting back while the table was cleared for dessert. "Father Bernier was the most highly cultivated man I had met, and he confirms what I am always saying—that you can be a damned good French Canadian outside Quebec. Bernier was the man who talked politics to me. He was my teacher of letters—of French literature. We used to go to school six days a week, and to Mass on Sunday, so school was almost a complete life, even for day students. That Bernier's mind was wonderful! He not only made you study the right works but incited you to read."*

"PIERRE must have been sixteen or seventeen when he was my pupil," Father Bernier told a visitor not long ago. "It was the academic year 1936-37, and I was twenty-five, in the second year of my teaching." Father Bernier, now fifty-eight, who left Brébeuf in 1939, is a philosopher and political scientist and the author of books on international politics. He lives in Quebec City, where he is the rector of Villa Manrèse—a comfortable old house set back from the street behind a curved driveway—which is a Jesuit retreat house and residence for priests. Father Bernier, a quick-moving man with a firm manner, a ready smile, and alert eyes behind rimless glasses, led his visitor to a quiet room in the Villa, and there, after lighting a cigarette, he apologized for his English and settled back in his chair to talk. "Brébeuf was a typical classical school, and my course was belles-lettres," he began. "There were about fifty in my class, and the

idea was to train a boy's mind and personality so that he would be ready for anything and would learn rapidly. It was quite a special group, and Pierre was one of the best. I don't present myself as knowing him intimately, but I saw the man emerge from the boy. Nothing in his thinking or acting surprises me. I thought, A boy like that will be a leader. But Prime Minister? No, no, I wasn't that much of a prophet!"

Father Bernier asked if his English was clear enough. Reassured that it

was, he continued, "We were very close, the boys and I. Part of the teaching was the idea of meeting a man, of getting to know him deeply. I was young myself, discovering the world of culture and America at the same time they did. We passed books back and forth. Literature, philosophy, music, painting—all went together. We lamented the lack of museums in Mont-

real, but we got acquainted with Cézanne, Renoir, Degas, Gauguin, Manet, van Gogh, and the ultimate, Picasso—and even the sculptor Maillo—through reproductions in books. In architecture, we bought the books of Le Corbusier. Great music was beginning to be heard in Montreal, with Wilfred Pelletier conducting there. We wouldn't miss any concerts if we could help it, especially if they included our favorites—Fauré, Debussy, Stravinsky. And, of course, there were records. All this was a bit cut off from the atmosphere of daily life, but these were the sons of bourgeois, and didn't have money troubles, so they could throw themselves into art and beauty. Pierre Trudeau was among the most enthusiastic, and, like all intelligent boys, a bit avant-garde. We lived in a little world by ourselves—no television yet, of course, and the social conditioning of the families kept the boys from being much interested in political change. It was an atmosphere of elation, where everything was beautiful."

Father Bernier leaned forward eagerly in his chair. "I also gave them a history course," he said. "I insisted not only on facts and dates but on thoughts: the importance of the democratic spirit and the idea of federalism as a way of having political unity and cultural differences in the same country—a pluralistic society, with a sense of the uni-



versal and a love of differences for themselves, where outside all the differences of nation, religion, sex, color, and so on, a man is a man, and is respected as such. I think the boys got something out of it. In addition, I taught them French, Greek, and Latin literature, and although this was a typical modern French culture—oh, a very French atmosphere—it was open to other streams of thought, like Tagore, the Indian poet, and outside of class we would read and discuss, in English, Hemingway, Faulkner, Henry James, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, particularly what Thoreau said about the wilderness, which was very appealing to Canadians. We could enter easily into the mind of Locke, de Tocqueville, Acton, Jefferson. Our little life gave the boys respect for the rational, an instinctive repulsion against the rising Fascism and Nazism. I insisted on a respect for man-made beauty. I insisted on that. They had to understand that our real men are not destroyers but builders—of society, of poetry and of beauty—and that all these things are linked together. I remember reciting a phrase from Paul Valéry's 'Eupalinos, or The Architect': 'I built so much I think I finally built myself.' I used to give the boys Plato as a model of intellectual courage—the man who by himself caused the Greeks to pass from a mythical to a rational mode of knowledge. You could feel that Pierre had this kind of courage. Even as a boy, he would say what he thought anyplace. I would like to use a French word about Pierre—*intelligent*, which is the highest praise. And if I had anything else to note, it would be his deep honesty—*probité*."

There was a knock at the door, and a priest entered with a steaming coffeepot. Father Bernier poured the coffee, then ignored it. His mind was elsewhere. "My father studied law, was stung by the political fly, and passed all his life in the Manitoba Parliament. He was very French, but he read extensively in English—everything from Newman and Burke to Winston Churchill—and I remember hearing him make a speech and thinking he had a political outlook that was British. Well, Pierre is in advance of most of us. He is a prototype of what the French Canadians can be in a few years, if the extremists don't get the upper hand."

Leaning forward again, his hands

pressed together, he said, "I will explain. The social and cultural personality of French Canada has four components. The first is the old, traditional society, whose people have kept many characteristics of Old France but are Canadians first, dynamic and arrogant. After the British conquest in 1763, when economic and political power passed out of French hands, French Canada became a country of workers and peasants under the guidance of priests, doctors, and lawyers, with the church at the center of every small town, and with a strong emphasis on family values. The second component is the contact with modern France over the last fifty years. French Canadians have made trips to Europe and have bought French books, and when Pierre was a boy this cultural impact was great. The third component is the effect of the British, through business contacts and parliamentary institutions. The British type of democracy has affected us deeply, for we are in the system, now more than ever. The fourth component, the impact of the United States, is getting more important every day. American civilization has the power of seduction, and our young people are more and more American in outlook. So, you see, the French Canadian has all that to digest. He wants to be himself in his bones and keep his own values, and he fears that he will lose his personality. Pierre has assimilated and dominated these differences. He has the brilliance of the

French intellectual, the grave manner of the British parliamentarian, and the dynamic organization and efficiency of the American. But we know him as one of us, a French Canadian who likes to talk and be flippant when he lets himself go."

Father Bernier now remembered his coffee and drank it. "Pierre has taken on a tremendous job—keeping this country together," he said. "He is placing very efficient machinery in Ottawa, and his great strength in building will to a certain extent correct his own intuitions, which are not infallible. But his values are the same as they always were: a deep respect for the other man, a respect for things beautiful, a revulsion against anything mediocre. *C'est un homme qui a des grandes exigences envers lui-même*—who asks much of himself—so he has a right to ask much of others."

As his visitor was leaving, Father Bernier said, "Even as a boy, Pierre

needed a sense of dedication. To swallow the world takes a long time, and he started by getting an international background—preparing himself for anything and waiting to see where he could best go. I think he really committed himself to Canada with the magazine *Cité Libre*. We had the Duplessis government in Quebec, and the occasion was right. The domination of the clergy over political matters at that time in Quebec was detestable. They had been the most learned men for a couple of hundred years, and everyone had consulted them, but then they became detrimental to liberty and it was time for them to step back into the religious life. Pierre thinks, as a political man should, about the order in this world. Religion is something else; it's what to do to get into the other world."

"MY teachers used to say that for a Catholic I was pretty much of a Protestant," the Prime Minister told his luncheon companion. "I believed in the Protestants' rule of conscience, and that you must not deliberately hurt others." He had been eating a dessert of stewed peaches, and now he paused with his spoon in the air. "So I try not to hurt people, and when I do I feel it is a sin. That's the only really basic sin—to hurt others. I was very much impressed by what George Bernard Shaw said about Joan in the preface to his play about her. She was the kind of Catholic I probably am. What she called her voices I call my conscience."

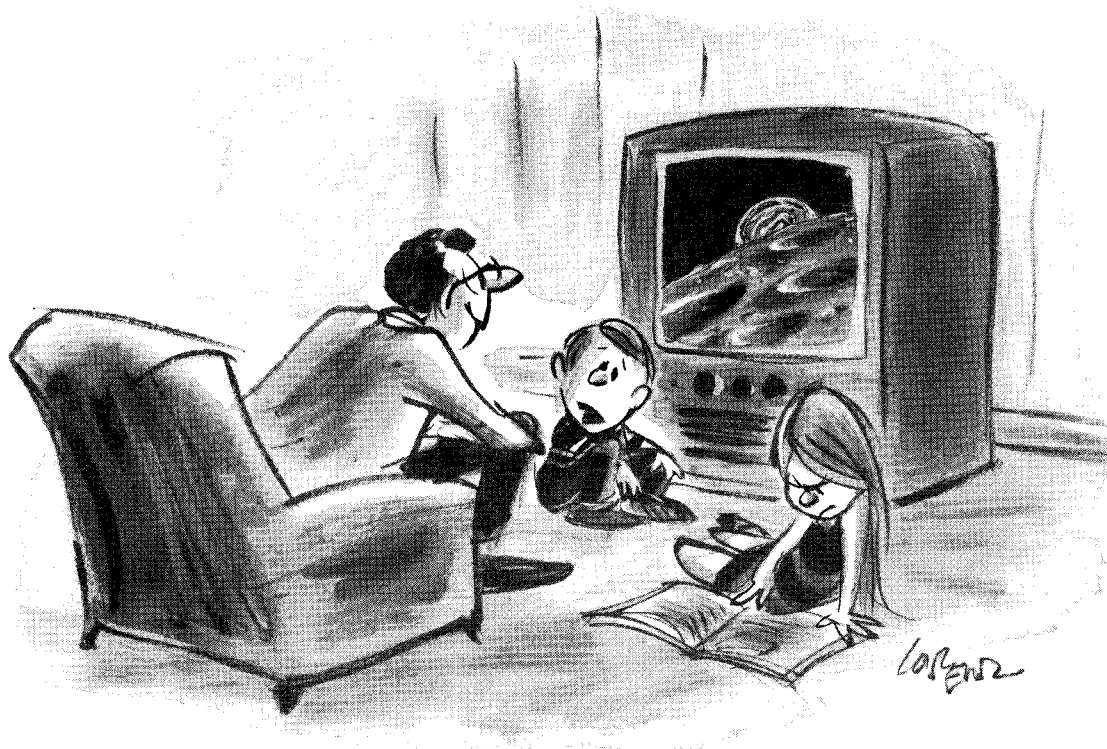
The magazine *Cité Libre*, which usually had a circulation of about twenty-five hundred, was at times the only voice in Quebec openly opposing the corrupt Union Nationale regime of Premier Maurice Duplessis, the local tyrant, whose government was in power from 1936 to 1939 and from 1944 to 1960, a year after Duplessis's death. *Cité Libre* was founded by ten men, Trudeau among them, who in 1950 put up twenty-five dollars each to publish five hundred copies of the first issue, but the guiding hand was that of the distinguished French-Canadian journalist Gérard Pelletier. Trudeau has a capacity for deep and lasting friendship, and his relationship with Pelletier and Pelletier's wife, Alec, a television playwright, is especially close. Nine out of ten times when Trudeau feels a need to be in the company of friends, he goes to see the Pelletiers. Gérard Pelletier is now the Secretary of State—a Cabinet post concerned with cultural affairs, broadcasting, edu-



cation, citizenship, and elections. Trudeau is said to feel that the success of his Government rests on its ability to reform the Canadian constitution, to include, among other things, a provision naming both French and English as the official languages of Canada. Equal status for the two languages is one of the basic principles of Trudeau's "Just Society"—his favorite, if never precisely defined, phrase for expressing his ultimate aims. Parliament is currently considering the Official Languages Bill, which would give the two languages this status, and enable five million French Canadians in Quebec and a million in the other provinces to deal with the federal government in French. The responsibility for applying the law, through language courses for government employees, will rest with Secretary of State Pelletier.

"I was nineteen and Pierre not yet quite nineteen when we met," Pelletier told a visitor to his office a while ago. He is a slight, dark man with sharp features and an amused, urbane air, who especially seems to embody three characteristics common to Trudeau's circle of intimate friends: intelligence, humor, and warmth. "He came from Outremont, on the right side of the tracks, with a reputation of being quite a *personnage*," Pelletier said. "Mine was a modest background. My father was a railroad employee, and we were eight children. I was editor of an inter-collegiate youth-movement paper that circulated throughout the province, while Pierre was editor of the paper at his aristocratic school." Pelletier pulled at his ear and smiled. "I wrote an article challenging other student editors to define themselves and say where they were going—whether they were literary or performed a function in their environment," he said. "Pierre, exercising his sense of humor, wrote, 'We went down to the basement, put out the lights, and said, "We don't know who we are, and we must find out!"' I thought this so good that I wanted to discover who wrote it. We met, and I liked him, though his flippancy disconcerted me a little. But he was obviously so intelligent."

Pelletier went to work for a Catho-



"Gee whizz, Pop, we've seen this before!"

lic youth movement, and Trudeau took a law degree at the University of Montreal. He graduated with honors in 1943, and then went south to Harvard for a Master's degree in political economy. The really close relationship between Trudeau and Pelletier began in Europe, in 1946, when Trudeau arrived in Paris to study at the *École des Sciences Politiques*. "I sensed in Pierre an intellectual capacity that attracted me very much," Pelletier said. "I think he envied me a certain gift for action. I was more involved, because I had to earn a living, and was working in an international student relief agency. He was studying, and I picked his brains as much as I could, since I had no formal training in economics and politics." The next year, Pelletier returned to Canada, and Trudeau enrolled at the London School of Economics, where he studied political science with Harold Laski.

"What a fabulous memory that Laski had!" the Prime Minister exclaimed. Having finished his dessert, he pushed his chair back a little from the lunch table. "A lot of guys thought that Lord Acton was the great forming influence on me," he said. "The truth is that I liked Acton's approach and several of his essays but probably read less of him than several newspaper people studying his influence on me have read since—and less of de Tocqueville, too. Quite frankly, I

didn't read de Tocqueville's entire works, and I was well into my thirties by the time I found confirmation in him of my theories of checks and balances. I am very eclectic. I can quote from Plato and from the theories of de Tocqueville and from Montesquieu's 'Laws,' but it would be a mistake to single any one of them out. I bet many people in my position have read more than I have in the field of history and economics. I have probably read more of Dostoevski, Stendhal, and Tolstoy than the average statesman, and less of Keynes, Mill, and Marx. The point I am making is that I am not a scholar of any of these disciplines. I haven't read as much as a good economist, and, being eclectic, I have done a lot of other reading and travelling."

TRUDEAU left London in 1948 to take a year's trip around the world—a *cours pratique*, Pelletier has called it. Trudeau made a point of travelling to unusual places, and of melting into the stream of the local population wherever he was. Even Jacques Hébert, with whom he has shared many travel experiences, is continually discovering, when he himself is about to depart for some out-of-the-way place—Malaya, say, or Burma—that Trudeau has already been there and can give him a few addresses. "Maybe the face of the world would be different if Mao Tse-tung had trav-

elled as much as Pierre—if he had, for instance, camped on Vancouver Island or walked in the woods of Vermont,” Hébert observed recently. “Pierre made all those trips of his in a very intense way.”

Hébert, a lively, generous man in his mid-forties, met Trudeau for the first time twenty years ago, in Montreal, at a gathering of travel enthusiasts who assembled every so often to talk about their trips. He has written many travel books, one of them in collaboration with Trudeau, describing a journey they made together—a sort of guided tour of China, in a Chinese-government-sponsored group, in the fall of 1960. The book, a witty, sharp-eyed account of their travels, entitled “Two Innocents in Red China,” has lately been translated into English and reissued. “Our friendship has been of the humorous type, telling each other how awful each thought the other was,” Hébert remarked. “I had agreed to write the fancy descriptions and leave it to him to fill in the serious economic and political commentary, but when we exchanged what we had written we found that, for fun, each had written the part reserved for the other. It was a game—so much so that Pelletier, reading the book, said, ‘That’s Pierre’s’ when it was mine. I asked Pierre if he wanted to read the proofs when ‘Two Innocents’ was reissued, and he said no, so I said, ‘You are the Prime Minister, and I don’t want to take on the responsibility,’ and he laughed and said, ‘It’s O.K. If I

have trouble, I’ll say you wrote that part.’”

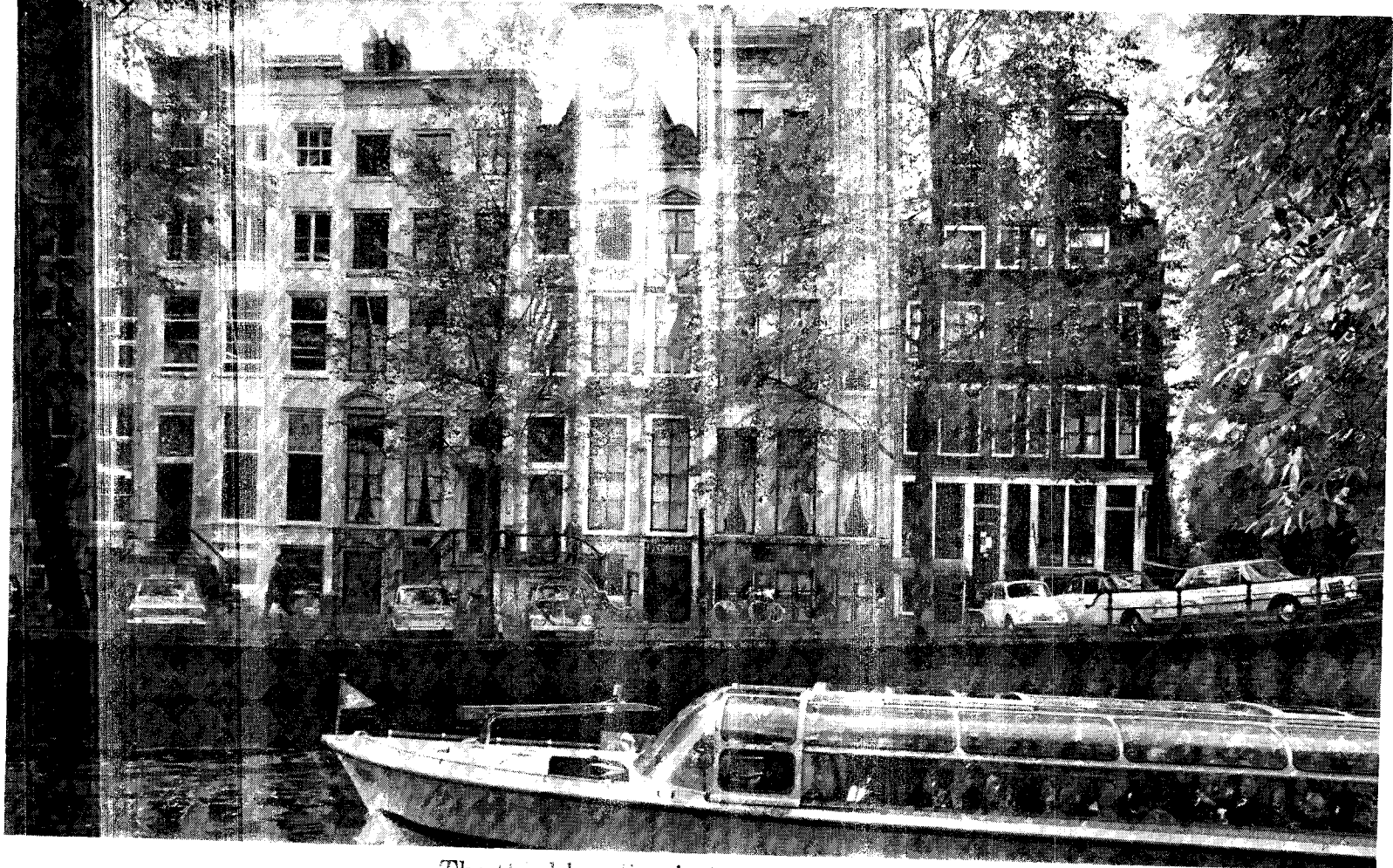
The Prime Minister’s French and English speechwriters have also been among his travelling companions. He met his English-language speechwriter, Tim Porteous, in Nigeria, in 1957, during the course of a seminar organized by a group called World University Service. At the time, Porteous was a graduate student at McGill University, and earlier he had written a revue lampooning the government, which toured the country very successfully. Trudeau’s French speechwriter, Roger Rolland, who is a handsome man with a clipped gray beard, was a school chum of his in Brébeuf days, and for many years he was unofficially in charge of the practical joker in Trudeau’s nature. “I would initiate the practical jokes, but Pierre has so much humor that he would fall in line,” Rolland said. “Actually, I don’t know a more serious man. If he dives, he won’t dive just for the fun of it but will try to improve his technique. At twenty-two, if we were thinking of skiing, he would first have to discuss the idea with himself and see if he had time for it. If he is going to enjoy himself, he has to plan for it ahead. But when he relaxes, he surely does relax.”

When Rolland and Trudeau were students, they dreamed up an informal association called the Agonizers. In answer to the question “How are you?” they would say, “Very bad,” and fall over backward, breaking the fall with their hands just in time. This made

quite an impression in Montreal living rooms. During the Second World War, Trudeau and his friends uneasily took no part, along with many other French Canadians, in protest against English Canada’s broken promises concerning conscription. In Quebec, after the First World War, the Liberals never missed an opportunity to remind people that the Conservatives had forced conscription upon the country in 1917. During the Second World War, after much soul-searching and a nationwide plebiscite, Parliament, under the Liberal Government of Mackenzie King, worked out a compromise whereby a certain number of men could be conscripted for service within Canada but only volunteers would serve overseas. Trudeau—who, his friends say, was longing to fight—felt he could not betray his moral position as a French Canadian. He and his friends used to amuse themselves by donning German helmets, goggles, sabres, and boots and racing through the countryside on motor bikes, scaring people. “Pierre liked to dress up as a German spy from a submarine or as an Army deserter, and he loved to provoke the Mounted Police when they rose to the bait,” a friend has recalled. “It was funny once or twice, but I got bored and I asked him why all the fuss. He said he found it a good way to develop confidence in himself and to learn to control the circumstances around him. I think he looked on it as a form of training.”

Training for what? Trudeau was following the Jesuit mystique of wanting to have the best mind, be the best athlete, develop the greatest will power and the strongest character. But in his relationship with Gérard Pelletier—a personal application of Trudeau’s philosophy of counterbalancing—he was beginning to show purpose. It was Pelletier who involved Trudeau in his first political action, and the two men have been involving each other ever since—first one of them leading, then the other. When Pelletier returned from Europe to Montreal in 1947, he went to work as a reporter for the daily newspaper *Le Devoir* and, while covering a strike, renewed an acquaintance with Jean Marchand, a prominent Quebec labor leader whom he had known as a student. Marchand persuaded Pelletier to work for his Confederation of National Trade Unions, and by the time Trudeau returned from Europe in 1949 he found Pelletier totally involved in a bitter strike by five thousand asbestos workers at mines in Thetford and Asbestos, Quebec. The





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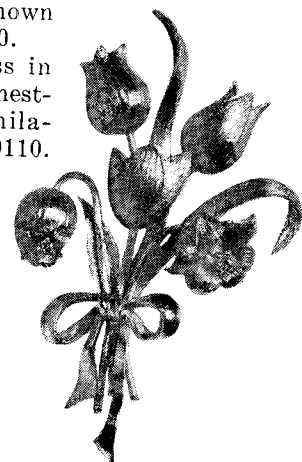
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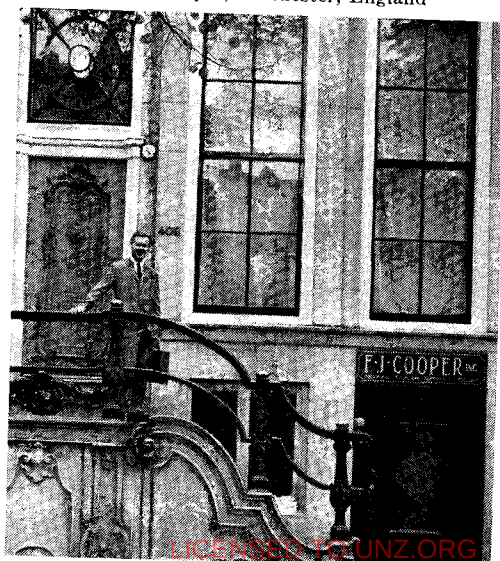
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strike was as much against the oppressive Duplessis government and the repressive elements in the Church as it was against the mines, which were run by a Canadian subsidiary of the Johns-Manville Corporation. "Pierre joined us," Pelletier recalls. "He had grown a beard, which was blond, and the miners christened him St. Joseph. We decided then that something should be done about Quebec, and out of this came *Cité Libre*, in which we hoped to develop our ideas. Pierre, more easily than any of the rest of us, could have escaped and had a brilliant career anywhere as a writer or teacher. We were the first generation to say, 'God damn it, we'll stay home and change the place.'"

Marchand was impressed by Trudeau, and offered him a job. Trudeau said he did not want to be confined by a permanent job, but from time to time he worked for the union confederation free, representing it in negotiations with the aluminum industry and with the paper and textile industries. Marchand, Pelletier, and Trudeau saw each other constantly for years, and the association finally brought them, with Marchand in the lead, up Ottawa's Parliament Hill, where they became known to English Canadians as the Three Musketeers, or the Three Wise Men, and to French Canadians as the Three Doves, or the Three Virgins of Canadian Politics.

"*Cité Libre* was a curious affair," Pelletier has said. "We would meet every week, and anyone who had written an article read it to the others for criticism. This is why the publication came out so irregularly—just whenever we had time. In 1949, Pierre had gone to Ottawa as an economic adviser to the Privy Council, but he came back to Montreal every weekend for meetings to plan *Cité Libre*, and it was at those meetings that I discovered his ability to communicate his knowledge and ideas to others. He had such a natural superiority over all of us in the international field, and we also discovered how far he had gone in evolving political ideas for French Canada—and for the rest of Canada, too. The meetings were quite informal. We brought our wives, and Pierre brought his girl friends. I would preside, and he would get very impatient if I tolerated any digressions. He is exactly the same at Cab-

inet meetings now—strict, but in a nice way. He has a particular gift for bringing the conversation back to the subject without offending."

Tact is not always Trudeau's strong point. René Lévesque, a leading Separatist, is a member of the Quebec Parliament who left the Liberal Party in 1967 to help start Le Parti Québécois. Lévesque's group wants to separate Quebec from the rest of Canada, with which it would coexist under vague economic and defense arrangements. "I remember the first time I met Pierre, because I got a bit of the Pierre Trudeau arrogance," Lévesque, who was a well-known journalist before he became a politician, has recalled. "I had come back from overseas and was working for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Pelletier, who was trying to get guys interested in starting *Cité Libre*, introduced us, remarking to Trudeau, 'Maybe we can get him,' to which Trudeau replied, without looking at me, 'Yeah, but can he write?' It would have been better if he had looked at me and said, 'Can you write?' This is part of the trouble with Pierre."

Trudeau is genuinely sorry to have hurt Lévesque's feelings. "I just meant it as a joke," he said recently. "It was my way of complimenting him."

TRUDEAU spent two years working for the Privy Council in Ottawa. When he had to wait in the anterooms of superiors, he would walk around on his hands, for exercise. He was too far down in the bureaucratic hierarchy to be given credit for his work on any published reports, but he did some of the historical research for conferences held to explore ways of amending the federal constitution. He also had an apprenticeship in the complexities of federal-provincial relationships. In a

footnote in his recent book, he records that in 1950, at the request of the Privy Council, "I made a summary of existing federal-provincial coöperative arrangements, which covered more than fifty pages."

After leaving Ottawa, Trudeau worked as a labor lawyer, travelled extensively, and wrote for *Cité Libre* and about his travels for the daily press. He also edited, and partially wrote, a book entitled "La Grève de l'Amiante" ("The Asbestos Strike"), a complete study of the 1949 walkout, a momentous event in Quebec. The book describes how, during the hundred and thirty-five days that the strike lasted, the government, backed by the reactionary wing of the Church, fought a vicious battle against the workers. The strike was a turning point in Quebec history, because, for the first time, people engaged in what came to be known as the Quiet Revolution—the fight for Quebec's freedom—became aware of their identity and their combined strength. "La Grève de l'Amiante," a collaborative effort involving scholars, lawyers, union officials, and journalists—including Pelletier—was published in 1956. Trudeau wrote an exhaustive first chapter, about Quebec's backwardness and immobility, and he also wrote the last chapter, a summing up. That same year, he also helped form Le Rassemblement, an organization of people from every political party whose primary aim was to get rid of Duplessis. Le Rassemblement lasted three years, during which it acquired many antagonists, among them members of a Socialist group called the New Democratic Party, or N.D.P. Although Trudeau has worked closely with the N.D.P., he partly blames it for killing Le Rassemblement. The N.D.P. men, for their part, regard Trudeau as a deserter, pointing out that in 1963 he was campaigning for a close N.D.P. friend, Charles Taylor, in the very constituency in which, running as a Liberal, he defeated him two years later, and also in 1963 was attacking Liberal Prime Minister Pearson—who had won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957—as "Le Défroqué de la Paix" ("The Unfrokked Priest of Peace") for permitting nuclear warheads on Canadian soil when he had previously opposed them.

"Quite frankly, I didn't



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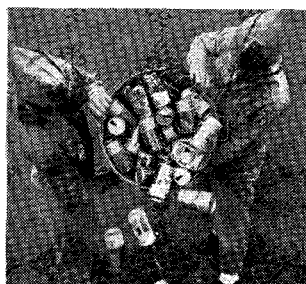
As they raise funds, they help keep their streets, parks, and beaches free of litter. Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example, brings \$200 from dealers, compared with \$20 for steel and \$16 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they specify aluminum equipment. They know there's a bonus waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.



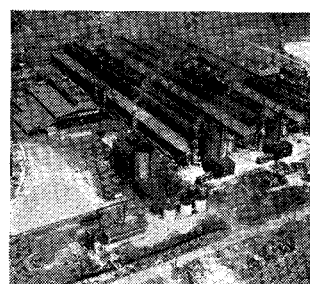
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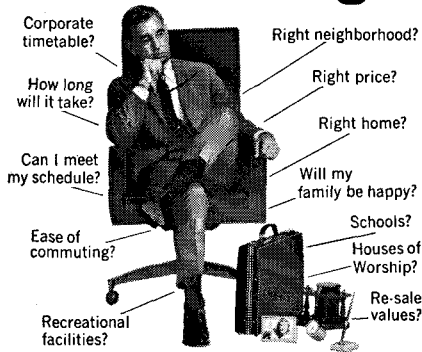


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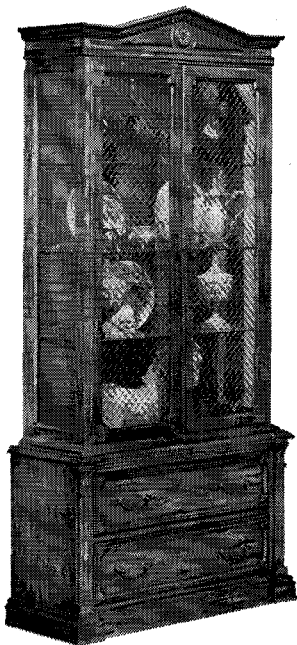


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enter the N.D.P. in earlier years because I was not ready to make up my mind, and later I didn't believe in it, because the ideology was wrong," the Prime Minister said. "It was a basic difference of orientation. In those days, the N.D.P. didn't think it was important to do anything in Quebec. They were all for the Ottawa boys, and the Ottawa boys won. We said, 'We have to reform Quebec before going on to Ottawa.' So we disagreed. Ironically, a lot of people who were fighting us then because we gave too much importance to Quebec have since become Separatists, or at least want special status for Quebec. In other words, the swing went full circle."

At the time Trudeau left Ottawa, he hoped to teach at the University of Montreal—a logical but not a realistic ambition in Duplessis's Quebec. Trudeau was barred from the faculty of the university for ten years, or until two years after the death of Duplessis. When his supporters pressed for action, the university authorities always had a handy collection of excuses: they were afraid he might stir up the students to rebellion; that he was a Communist or a Socialist; or that, anyway, he was a dilettante, who would stay for six months and then go off somewhere on a trip.

"It became a cliché to call me a dilettante, just because I didn't live on the same rhythm as other people," the Prime Minister said impatiently. He was clearly annoyed; his eyes were icy blue. "Just because I wasn't in court or teaching every day, people didn't realize that I worked. Many of my friends didn't even realize that I had an office. I would be working for a trade union, or I would go off for six months, and they didn't know I had written three articles, or a third of 'L'Amiante,' while I was away. I wasn't married and settled down, and I wasn't showing up to toot my horn. I was working much harder than any of the people who called me a dilettante. If a person works in an office from nine to five, plays golf at a country club, and spends his weekends in the country, he is not a dilettante. But if he is reading or writing sixteen hours a day and not doing things that people can see, he is a dilettante. They say this about artists, who do not go to

work. They imagine them up in an attic sleeping with the models, when actually they may be painting ten or twelve pictures."

After the end of the Duplessis regime, Trudeau was invited, with what he has described as "almost indecent haste," to become a member of the Montreal faculty. Two departments wooed him—Political Science and Law. Jean Beetz, a professor of constitutional law, who is now dean of the Law School and one of the Prime Minister's principal advisers on constitutional reform, had at the time just become director of a new Public Law Research Institute, and Trudeau was one of his first appointments. "Another department wanted him, too," Dean Beetz has said, "so we both *did* approach him with haste. He chose to come to the Faculty of Law." When Trudeau was asked to list his academic credentials after joining the faculty, he wrote down, among other things, "Brown Belt"—the award given to judo students who achieve the second-highest degree of proficiency.

Trudeau enjoyed teaching, although he has described the university atmosphere as "rather sterile."

He is still technically on leave, and listed in the university catalogue as associate professor of law and member of the Research Institute. In his field, which was human rights, he was a provocative lecturer, and he encouraged students to come to his office before and after lectures to talk. As Prime Minister, he thoroughly enjoys question-and-answer sessions with university students, and will more readily make that kind of public appearance than any other. He was a demanding teacher, challenging his students and growing impatient with any who hadn't done their home-

work, and he was a controversial figure on the campus. Many students at the university are radical, which in Quebec means Separatist. The non-conformist aspect of Trudeau's personality placed him to the left of center in some people's eyes, but because he was a federalist, who wanted Canada to remain united, the out-and-out Separatists regarded him as a reactionary.

Actually, Trudeau's political philosophy is thoroughly pragmatic, and



Suba

whenever a need or an opportunity arises to practice what he teaches he jumps right in. Never does he do this more eagerly than in defense of an old friend. In 1956, Jacques Hébert, who is a passionate civil-libertarian, became convinced that a Canadian named Wilbert Coffin had been unjustly executed for the murder of three American hunters, killed in 1953 in the Gaspé region. Hébert set out to prove Coffin's innocence, and wrote a book in which he accused the Quebec government of murdering him.

The government responded by setting up a Royal Commission of Inquiry. Hébert voluntarily spent five days a week for a year before the Commission in Quebec City,



but it issued a report unfavorable to him, whereupon he was charged by the government with contempt and was suddenly clapped into jail. Trudeau, who had given him legal help during the inquiry, got him out on bail, and Hébert eventually won his case. "It was a crazy thing for me to do, to start a fight without money or means," Hébert said recently, sitting in a small upstairs office of his publishing firm on the Rue Saint-Denis, in the old part of Montreal. "Pierre's office was nearby, and we used to eat in a very simple restaurant on the corner—really quite a poor one. You certainly wouldn't take a girl there—certainly not. Well, Pierre is the kind of man who won't pick up the check for his friends—even if it is only a dollar and a half—because it would destroy a kind of dignity in their relationship. But when one of those friends is in real difficulty, he will discreetly lend him thousands. Pierre was the first to offer his services, even though he was not altogether happy about some of the things I had put in my book, because they were difficult to prove. When I went to Quebec City for the inquiry, he said, 'I want to represent you, but I am a civil, not a criminal, lawyer, and your case won't be completely secure with me.' For my part, I didn't want him thrown out of his teaching job after he had waited so long for it, so we engaged a very fine criminal lawyer. Even so, Pierre came as often as he could to Quebec City the first month, and his presence gave me quite a lot of prestige. And, on the last day, he came and sat down with me, to show the Commission, and the public, he was there. When I was thrown into jail in Quebec City, Pierre came running after me, right up to my cell door. He laughed and said, 'Look at you here, in your jailbird costume!'

He helped to plead my case before the judge during both the government suit and my appeal, and he was marvellous."

Most French-Canadian intellectuals would rather meet than sleep—or, possibly, eat. Their solution for any pressing political problem is immediately to call a meeting. In 1963, sporadic bombings by Separatists in the streets of Montreal inspired Trudeau and six younger men, who were groping for a constructive approach to the growing

Canadian disunion, to hold a series of Friday-night meetings. There were, besides Trudeau, three university professors, a psychoanalyst, and two lawyers—one of whom was Marc Lalonde, now the Prime Minister's chief aide and principal political adviser. Lalonde had met Trudeau briefly in 1949, when he sought advice from him on whether to study law or social science, but he did not really come to know Trudeau until 1960, which was when Lalonde began writing for *Cité Libre*. The Friday-night meetings produced a four-page document entitled "Manifesto for the Nation," which was published in the Montreal *Star* on May 14, 1964. A rebuttal of the Separatist position, it was a scathing denunciation of economic and political conditions in Canada. By the time the "Manifesto" appeared, Marchand, Pelletier, and Trudeau were already considering their triple march toward Ottawa.

TRUDEAU's ascendancy was a political accident. It came about because Marchand declined to run as a candidate for the leadership of the Liberal Party when Pearson announced his intention to resign, in December, 1967. Marchand's prestige in Quebec as a labor leader had brought him to the attention of the national leaders of the Party, who were looking for a French Canadian capable of holding the country together after Pearson stepped down. If he had chosen otherwise, Jean Marchand might very possibly be the Prime Minister of Canada today. A slight, gray-haired man of fifty with a small mustache and glasses, he is gentle-looking, despite his reputation as a tough labor leader. He is a worldly, humorous person, very Gallic and down-to-earth. In Trudeau's Government, he is Minister for Regional Economic Expansion, which means that he is in charge of plans to bring Canada's depressed areas into Trudeau's Just Society. In his office, Marchand recently traced for a visitor the

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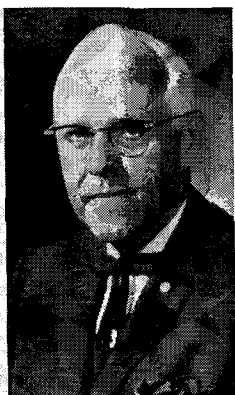
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events that brought him and Pelletier and Trudeau to national prominence. He seemed noticeably fatigued; his health is said to be precarious.

"Pierre and Gérard were not very well known, and they insisted I be the one to make the decision to enter politics," Marchand began. "They said they would follow if I made up my mind. In the general election of 1963, Pearson wanted me to run for Parliament. Things in French Canada were becoming worse and worse, and we thought it essential for the new generation of French Canadians to become involved in federal politics. I made it a condition that Trudeau and Pelletier join me. Pearson and his people were a little reluctant, but they agreed. I was convinced that one French Canadian in Ottawa alone would be destroyed—that there needed to be several of us. And I think it's still true."

Marchand shifted in his chair and sighed. "We three were opposed to having American nuclear weapons established in Canada. A few weeks before the election, Pearson changed his mind and announced he would accept such weapons on Canadian soil, so we refused to run. The Liberals were elected as a minority Government, and everything seemed to be disintegrating. In November, 1965, there was another general election. Again Pearson insisted that I run." Marchand closed his eyes for a second, then continued, "The nuclear warheads were no longer a public issue, so I made the same condition. I said, 'I'll run if you accept Trudeau and Pelletier.' Pearson's people were again reluctant, but finally succeeded in getting them ridings—constituencies in which to run. For Pierre, they chose Mount Royal, a suburb of Montreal. We were all elected. Right away I became Minister of Manpower and Immigration. I started working at once to get ministerial offices for the others." He paused and took a sip of water. "So in January, 1966, Pierre was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister," he continued. "This was a very difficult step for Pearson to take, because Pierre had been so critical of him a couple of years earlier, and the reaction in the caucus of the Liberal Members of Parliament was violent. Some of them said that Pierre was not a Liberal and the Party shouldn't have accepted him. Well, in the spring of 1967, the Minister of Justice retired, and I thought that afforded a good opportunity to put Pierre in the



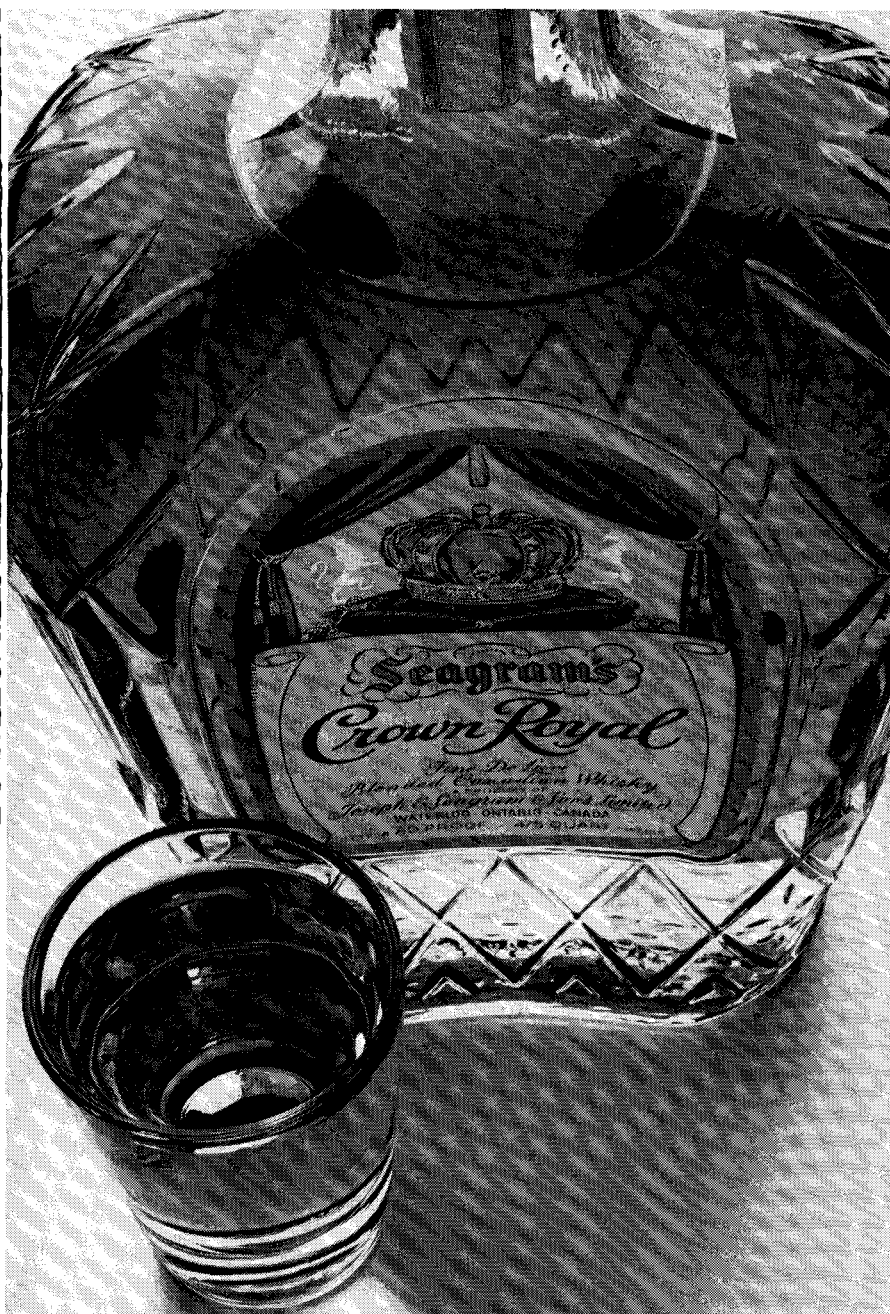
Cabinet. After a few weeks, Mr. Pearson agreed, and there was a second violent reaction in the Liberal caucus." He smiled. "In December, the Prime Minister told his Cabinet that he intended to resign as soon as a qualified successor could be chosen. A few friends in the Cabinet had been meeting together, including Trudeau and me. We were looking for a prospective leader. They were unanimous that I should run. No one mentioned Pierre Trudeau's name." He laughed softly. "That December, Pierre introduced his bill on divorce in the House of Commons, and made such a big case for it that

almost overnight he became a public figure. I had always been the prospective candidate, but I had always refused. I am deeply rooted in Quebec, and I see that fact as deeply dangerous, because as Prime Minister I would have to represent the whole of Canada. So I had a conversation with Pierre. I said, 'The situation is changing, and you have become a potential candidate.' " Marchand stirred restlessly. "Pierre refused," he continued. "He said, 'It's not the reason we came—to take over the Party and the government,' and he said we had plenty of time. I said to him, 'In politics, there is the opportunity, and if we miss it it may not recur.' Pierre left for Tahiti over the Christmas holidays for some scuba diving with Tim Porteous, and I left for a vacation in Florida. I came back before I had intended, to gather support for Pierre. Then Pierre had a second chance to reach the Canadian public—as Minister of Justice at the first of the federal-provincial conferences on constitutional reform. He performed there particularly well." Marchand smiled and appeared to relax. "There was no doubt in my mind then that he was a serious candidate. What he had been lacking six months before he now had. Besides, he was intelligent, a good lawyer, a good economist, perfectly bilingual, healthy, rich, young, and a bachelor. The Liberal Party in Montreal was still hesitant, but the 'Draft Trudeau' movement increased in strength. Pierre formally became a candidate on a Thursday night in February when a group of us met in his office in the Parliament Buildings. Pierre took out a large trick coin and flipped it, and then, without looking at how it had come up, said, 'O.K.!' And we started the show."

Marchand went on, "Pierre makes a very good Prime Minister. He works very hard and is very responsible, and he's got a lot of support among the

people. That surprised me at first. But I think he performed well on TV, and I think he has a personal magnetism we didn't notice, because we were too near him. The goals we wanted to attain when we came to Ottawa were to integrate Quebec into the federal government and show that French Canada can achieve something with Ottawa if everyone works hard and consents to play the game, to get rid of dangerous regional disparities, and to have some kind of civil-rights bill enacted. Well, it's still not certain we can achieve all of them. But Pierre is tougher than Pearson. He's highly disciplined. He's refreshing, too. After the Liberal Party Convention, we went to Florida to work on the reorganization of the Cabinet, and he said, 'Let's go for a swim.' He started diving—he dives very well—and people asked, 'Who's that man?' And I said, 'The Prime Minister of Canada,' and they said, 'Ha, ha!' They didn't believe a Prime Minister could be such a good diver."

"I BEGAN to think about the Liberals as a possibility when we founded Le Rassemblement, and a few years later I was urging people to vote Liberal," the Prime Minister said. "Friends made an effort to have me accepted as a parliamentary candidate of the Liberal Party in 1960, but the leaders didn't want me. Later, Lévesque entered the Party and tried to draw in Marchand, Pelletier, and me. The Party told him no. The main reason was our attack on Mr. Pearson's reversal of his nuclear stand in 1963. I happen to be against the proliferation of nuclear arms. If we permit them, why couldn't the Cubans have theirs—and everyone else who desires them? The Liberal Party had committed itself to no warheads since 1958, and Mr. Pearson reversed their stand without broad consultation within the Party. I was strongly opposed to the way he did it. As for Pearson's nuclear policy, in time he and I put our differences aside. We both felt that now he was taking me and I was taking him for better or worse. This was true of the Liberal Party, too." He added, smiling, "The coin I tossed was a great big green-and-red one given me by Pearson's Secretary of State, Judy LaMarsh, in a Cabinet meeting. It said 'Yes' on the green side and 'No' on the red one. She was telling me to make up my mind to run or not to run. But at the meeting where I tossed the coin I had already made up my mind. I had done that a day or so earlier, while walking around the Par-



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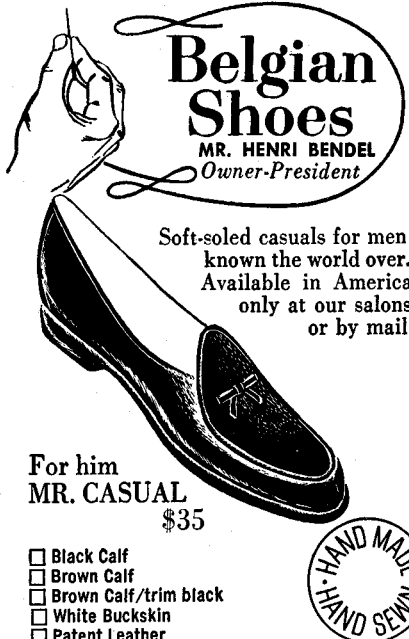
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liament Buildings until two o'clock in the morning. How did I make up my mind?" He stopped smiling. He seemed to forget that anyone else was there. Then he answered himself rapidly, in a low voice, "I was pushed."

Probably the first person to think seriously that Pierre Trudeau could be the next Prime Minister was Marc Lalonde, in the spring of 1967. Characteristically, he held meetings every Saturday with two friends to plan a course of action. Lalonde, the son of a politically-minded Quebec farmer, is a determined, methodical French Canadian with a seemingly unlimited capacity for work. Well over six feet tall, he towers over Trudeau, and, when the two are together, gives the impression of standing protectively on all sides of the Prime Minister at once. All documents that go into Cabinet meetings cross his desk, and he is one of the four people who see the Prime Minister every morning. He first broached to Trudeau the question of the leadership of the Liberal Party in November, 1967, and when Pearson announced his intention to resign Lalonde started trying to pin Trudeau down. Trudeau would say yes and then say no, but more often it was simply no. He said he wasn't ready, wondered if they were being influenced by the press and fake publicity, worried about Party support and the possibility of an ignominious defeat, in which case their reasons for going into Parliament at all would be destroyed. When Trudeau went off to Tahiti, Lalonde thought he would still say no after his return. Then came the night when Trudeau donned a large coat made of wildcat fur, which is one of his favorite possessions, and took his long and lonely walk around Parliament Hill until 2 A.M. Trudeau had promised to meet Pelletier and Marchand for breakfast in the parliamentary restaurant that morning. Marchand and Pelletier were there first, and when Trudeau arrived they immediately began talking about inconsequential matters. Trudeau finally said, "Aren't you interested in my decision?" To which one of them replied, "So much so that we are afraid to mention the subject." "I'm running," he said, and by eight-fifteen he had notified Lalonde.

Another early Trudeau backer was a thirty-year-old English Canadian named Gordon Gibson, who was the son of a wealthy logger and politician from British Columbia. In the spring of 1967, Gibson—who, although he was then serving as Executive As-

sistant to one of Pearson's Cabinet ministers, didn't know Trudeau—started, as a sort of mental exercise, trying to figure out who the next Prime Minister should be. He decided that only a French Canadian would do. At about this time, Gibson's attention was caught by a newspaper article about Trudeau, accompanied by a photograph of him in a yoga pose wearing a turtleneck sweater. When Trudeau was appointed Minister of Justice, Gibson began watching his performance in the House and reading his remarks in *Hansard*, the official daily record of debates. "I was thinking of public acceptance, and he looked good," he said. Gibson is an earnest-looking blond young man who, at first glance, seems a little bit wide-eyed behind his



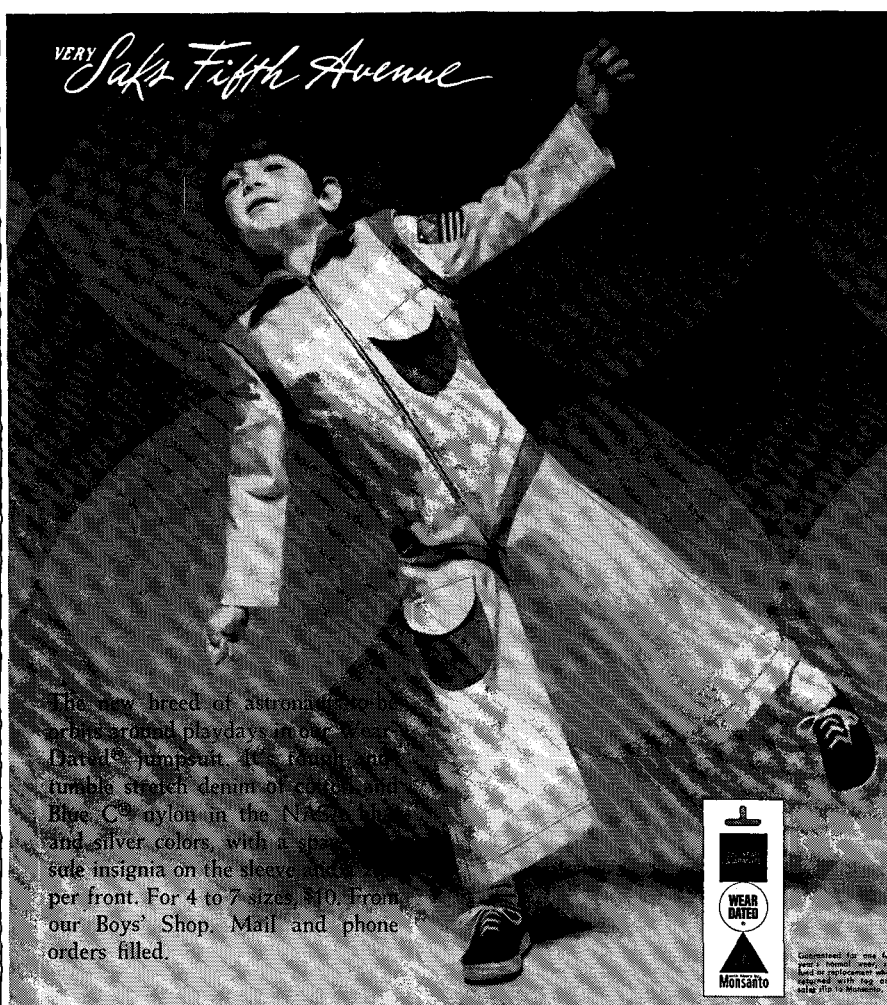
shell-rimmed spectacles but is extremely keen and hardheaded, with a matter-of-fact view of life and a Master's degree from the Harvard Business School. He knew Lalonde, but he did not know that Lalonde and Trudeau were friends. "One day, I was having a drink with Marc and I said that the only man who could be the next Prime Minister was Pierre Trudeau," Gibson said. "He told me a small group was interested in backing this delightful but unlikely person, and even before Pearson announced his resignation we started small, secret meetings. When I had been working on the plans so long that I felt I ought to meet Trudeau, I called on him at his office and told him he was more acceptable to English Canadians than any English Canadian and, as far as French Canada was concerned, he was the only game in town. Then I wrote him a fifty-page memo about why the country needed him." Gibson stopped and scratched his head. "He didn't give me any encouragement. I asked him after he came back from Tahiti in early January about opening an office, and he replied, 'Do what you think right, but don't tell me.' We kept working, kept holding meetings. Then finally we opened the office, paying the rent with a thousand dollars one of Trudeau's young legal assistants, Eddy Rubin, put up."

At the Liberal Party Convention on April 6th, Trudeau had to impress on the Liberal politicians of the ten provinces of Canada the fact that he possessed the ability to run the country, and he did. For the general election on June 25th, he had to convince people from one end of Canada to the other that they should send Liberal representatives to the House of Com-

mons. In these efforts, his record as Minister of Justice helped. Early in February, the three-day conference on constitutional reform—where, as a legal scholar put it, “Canada began doing in midstream what the United States had done in Philadelphia in 1787”—brought the ten provincial premiers to Ottawa, two months before the Liberal Convention. Beforehand, Prime Minister Pearson had been persuaded by Lalonde and Gibson that Trudeau should pave the way—for the constitutional reforms and for his candidacy—by taking a cross-country trip and meeting with the premiers. Pearson had also suggested that Carl Goldenberg, a leading constitutional lawyer, accompany him. Trudeau made an excellent impression on most of the provincial politicians, once they had figured out which of the two men who debarked from the plane at each stop was the Minister of Justice. Goldenberg, a youthful sixty-one, is small, gray-haired, and dignified, and wore a black hat and blue topcoat, so that he looked like everyone’s idea of a Cabinet minister, while Trudeau had on a short leather coat and a fur cap. Goldenberg has said, “Trudeau always insisted I walk out of the plane first, and then he’d follow, carrying the bags. So naturally I would be greeted as the Minister of Justice. When we got back to Ottawa, he was still carrying my bags, right into the hotel where we were staying, and the clerk gave him a very simple room. When Pierre saw mine, he was astonished. ‘I didn’t know they had rooms like this!’ he said.”

Several spectacular television appearances probably had more to do with Trudeau’s meteoric political success than even the speeches he eventually made at shopping plazas, street corners, and public rallies during the election campaign. Not long before the federal-provincial conference, Trudeau gave an impressive television interview to two prominent C.B.C. newsmen, Norman DePoe and Ron Collister, and on March 26th he turned in a dazzling performance at the St. Lawrence Hall, a historic building in Toronto, where he was introduced to the TV audience in one of a series of programs devoted to Liberal candidates for the leadership. Fraser Kelly, the political editor of the Toronto *Telegram*, asked him what he would think of a politician who, as Prime Minister, might come into the Province of Ontario advocating a constitutional policy opposed by its premier, by its other leading politicians, and by its press, and who was himself opposed by most of the Church in that

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province. It was obvious that this was a precise description of Trudeau's situation in Quebec, where many Separatists and a large segment of the press had denounced him, some going so far as to call him a traitor. Trudeau replied without hesitation, and with a smile, "I'd say he had a lot of guts"—a remark that brought down the house. The program was again stopped by wild applause after a C.B.C. interviewer, Warner Troyer, paraphrased a quotation to the effect that public men who most want to be leaders try much harder to do a good job than those who don't, and asked Trudeau, "How badly do you want to be Prime Minister?" Trudeau replied, "Not very badly," and went on, "But I can give you another quotation, from Plato—that men who want very badly to head the country shouldn't be trusted."

On the evening of April 4th, two nights before the voting at the Liberal Convention that was to make him Party leader and Prime Minister, when all the delegates had arrived in Ottawa and many were sitting around in their hotel rooms watching TV, an interviewer, Patrick Watson, talked with Trudeau for an hour on a local station. The show was full of closeup shots of a very warm, human, and thoughtful Trudeau, making the gestures with which the country is now familiar: shrugging his shoulders or using his hands to emphasize a point; making a motion when he explained an idea, almost as if he were physically unwinding it; sighing or pursing his lips when thinking through the answer to a question; smiling courteously or looking at the camera with his amazingly bright eyes, appearing to give the listener the same full attention he gives in a private conversation.

According to Canadian election law, all broadcast electioneering must cease forty-eight hours before the voting, but many people think that a brief drama caught by television cameras the night before the general election in June substantially increased the majority for Prime Minister Trudeau's party. The occasion was the great annual parade in Montreal of an old and influential French-Canadian group called the St. Jean Baptiste Society. At the time, anti-Trudeau sentiments among Quebec Separatists were so strong that pamphlets had been circulated likening the Prime Minister to Machiavelli's Prince and to Mao Tse-tung. (Trudeau's amused friends bought them as souvenirs.) Because there were fears of trouble at the parade, word was passed

to its organizers that the Prime Minister did not want to be invited. But, months before, the Society had announced that the Prime Minister *would* be asked, so an official invitation was tendered. Then the Separatist leaders publicly said that it was a shame that Trudeau, a traitor to the French-Canadian cause, should be a guest at the parade. Trudeau, who had meant to decline the invitation, was now challenged and felt he had to accept. The organizers, frightened of a possible disturbance, went to Pelletier the day before the parade and asked him if he could keep Trudeau from coming. Both



Trudeau and Pelletier thought it impossible now for Trudeau to appear to be refusing to come, and he is said to have felt that yielding to the Separatists' threats would give them such a feeling of power that Canada's democratic system would be seriously threatened.

The parade began passing the reviewing stand at nine-thirty in the evening on June 24th, and Trudeau was sitting in the front row of the stand, on Sherbrooke Street before the Municipal Library, with Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal, the late Premier Daniel Johnson of Quebec, their wives, and a number of other dignitaries, including Archbishop Grégoire of Montreal. There were half a million people at the parade, and clashes between Separatist rioters and police had already led to some violence, although the paraders themselves were orderly. An hour or so later—it usually takes a couple of hours for the floats and bands, the flag-bearing troops, and the various French-Canadian detachments to go past the reviewing stand—bottles suddenly soared over the Prime Minister's head and crashed against the library portico behind him, in full view of the television audience. Everyone in the stand rose in surprise, ducking and covering their heads with their hands. Then a second flight of bottles crashed on the portico, and Trudeau was pushed down by a bodyguard. He immediately rose, shook his fist angrily at the guard, and sat down again determinedly at the front of the stand, leaning forward intently over its bunting-draped edge to watch the paraders below. Meanwhile, the other dignitaries left the stand, many of them pushed by the police, and for a moment the television viewers saw Trudeau sitting alone, with only his bodyguards behind him. Mayor Drapeau, after leading his wife out, returned almost immediately and sat down in the empty seat at Trudeau's right. Trudeau could then be seen

smiling, almost laughing, and at one point clasped his hands together in a relaxed gesture of salute. The other people gradually returned to the stand. The whole incident appeared on TV screens for a matter of minutes, but that was enough for viewers and people who saw the newscast later that night across Canada to be thoroughly impressed. A Trudeau supporter who was standing in front of the grandstand later reported that a Separatist said to him, "My God, now in addition to everything else you're going to say he's got courage!" Trudeau himself, talking about fear a few weeks later, remarked, "It takes up too much time, being afraid."

The voting age in Canada is twenty-one, but so many young people flocked to Trudeau's side during his campaign that at one point the average age inside the campaign organization was twenty-two. Publicity and much of the arrangement of rallies were actually put in the hands of teen-agers. Trudeau has frequently made the point that if he lacks experience, so much the better; he can then face old problems with a fresh approach. The very fact that the young people didn't understand why new things couldn't be tried was considered an advantage; the country was eager for a change. Wherever Trudeau showed up, he was flanked by miniskirted volunteers who were remarkable not only for their good looks but for their ability to answer questions about the candidate, about his policies, and about why they were for him even if they couldn't vote. "The climate was right," one of the campaign officials has said since. "If you started tomorrow morning with the same tactics, you'd fail. We happened to come along and gauge it right. We just offered the man. It was amateurish and convincing, and that was it." But the truly remarkable quality of Trudeau's unconventional campaign was that he got elected without having made any commitments to the Party, to any particular provinces, or to any individuals.

"If you make promises, that gives you obligations that you have to carry out," the Prime Minister said quietly. "I was afraid of those obligations. You mortgage yourself and lose the freedom of decision. Justice is the problem—the one about which I have been concerned the most, stated the most, thought the most. I guess most of the authors I've read crystallize my particular idea of virtue—that justice is a cornerstone of the society I live in, the basis of all human relations in the family or the state. I was not dreaming the Just Society up as a catchword or cliché, and I shrink

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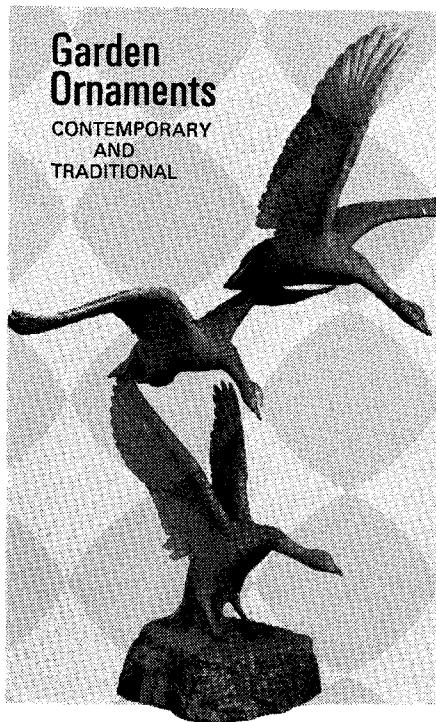
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from that thought now. To me, it summed up the total of the relationships in a society of free men. The Just Society is the kind of society freedom would establish. Looking ahead, I don't think a state can say, 'Here's a state, a package imposed on you.' A Just Society is one toward which every citizen must work, and the first condition of such a society is that of respecting the liberty of individuals."

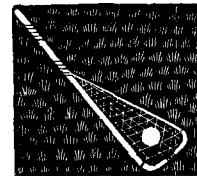
TRUDEAU moved formally into the Prime Minister's residence with one large dark-brown suitcase, one small tan one, and some sports jackets and suits over his arm. The only really personal objects in his principal office, in the East Block of the Parliament Buildings, are a *bilboquet*—an Oriental game of skill in which the player tosses a wooden ball about four inches in diameter into a cup to which it is attached by a string—and a battered filing cabinet with his name on it in big letters. When Parliament is in session, he moves a few hundred yards to a more formal, elaborately panelled second office, on the third floor of the Centre Block, where the House of Commons is situated. The Prime Minister's East Block office is an old-fashioned room with Gothic windows, white walls, green hangings, leather furniture, a fireplace, and a large octagonal table-desk. Only the pictures on the walls have been changed by Trudeau. Traditionally, a portrait of Sir John A. MacDonald, the first Prime Minister and a Conservative, hangs over the fireplace if the incumbent is a Conservative, and a portrait of the great Liberal Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier hangs there if the incumbent is a Liberal. Pearson was the first Prime Minister to keep both portraits in his office. When someone teasingly suggested that instead of the portraits Trudeau should have paintings more in style with his personality, he spent about five minutes pondering how the public would take this before he had the portraits replaced by the type of Abstract Expressionist work he prefers. He likes to have fresh flowers in his office, and usually wears a rosebud or a small red carnation, symbol of the Liberal Party, in his buttonhole.

The ministerial privilege that Trudeau enjoys the most—he told a colleague before he was elected that it was one of the few things worth waging an election for—is Harrington, the country house provided for Canada's Prime Ministers. It is twenty-one miles

from Ottawa, situated on a two-mile lake in a national park in the Gatineau Hills, and although Harrington has been described as "a collection of boards nailed together," it is actually a rambling twelve-room cottage, very plainly furnished, in a beautiful area of woodland. The Prime Minister goes there frequently for weekends, and occasionally on a quick overnight trip during the week. Trudeau always has chosen sports at which he had to work hard to achieve excellence, and at Harrington he is still presenting himself with challenges, in the form of three-hour walks over the roughest routes, to test whether he is in good physical condition. Having a house is a new experience for him, and he enjoys showing friends around, but he is not a comfortable host. He goes through the motions, carving meat at the sideboard and sitting at the head of the table, but he has never been much on small talk, and the silences can be monumental. It often takes until the end of dinner, when his guests are about to leave, before he unwinds. "He tunes out quite frequently in the middle of everything," one frequent guest has said. "When he does, he sits absolutely motionless. Then all the men feel that they must say something profound, and since all of them are sitting around trying to have a fantastic thought, the women try to fill in. His mood is purely a matter of luck. You're O.K. as long as you don't overstep a couple of boundaries. He doesn't like to be interrupted, and he hates to be driven into a corner socially. If he gets cornered at someone else's party, he's apt to leave immediately."

Trudeau's first semi-vacation as Prime Minister took him far from the

Gatineau Hills, on a week's trip to inspect new development areas and some old settlements in the North—to the Yukon Territory, across the High Arctic, and down through Baffin Island in the east to the Labrador Penin-



sula. Since boyhood, Trudeau had taken carefully planned wilderness trips on foot and by canoe through the Canadian North, but he was the first Prime Minister to make an extensive tour through the Northwest Territories, which comprise a third of Canada. On this trip, he followed a rigid routine aboard the plane that carried him and his party of seven: ten minutes or so looking out the window; next, pulling out his briefcase, putting on his glasses, and burying himself in state papers; then, perhaps, a catnap. When the

scenery was irresistibly magnificent, as it was above the deep-cut fjords of Ellesmere Island, or when the route passed over the Barren Lands of the Mackenzie District, through which he had once travelled by canoe, he stopped his work entirely. Above the Barrens, he gazed lovingly across the rolling empty land. "Not a tree, not a stick of wood," he murmured. "They are very attaching." Trudeau has a pilot's license, and he eagerly accepted a suggestion that he fly the chartered plane, an old amphibious Canso, a durable but clumsy aircraft. At towns and settlements where the plane landed, he shrugged off his informal holiday air and became the Prime Minister, as if, in slipping on his jacket to face the welcoming crowds, he was also donning a mask—a pleasant, courteous, smiling countenance that endured a barrage of picture-taking with no visible change of expression. "It's all part of the game," he said over and over again, as if to remind himself of what he was about. Visiting an Eskimo settlement, he asked about everything: the housing, the industry, how many shots it took to kill a polar bear, what kind of music the Eskimo girls preferred (rock and roll). At a new asbestos mine, his range of interest covered every aspect of technical operation, labor, and living conditions.

Last summer, Trudeau returned to Lake Ouareau, in the Laurentians, where he, Pelletier, and eight other friends bought a piece of land in 1958 and put up small places, visiting back and forth, climbing, swimming, improvising plays. Trudeau has sold his portion, because not long ago he bought a large tract of land with its own small private lake near his brother at Saint-Sauveur, an hour and a half north of Montreal. He spent last Bastille Day with the Pelletiers, as he has done since 1950, at their log cabin at Lake Ouareau. This was three weeks after the election and the St. Jean Baptiste parade, and already his friends thought he had changed in ways hard to define. "Pierre wants it to be the same, but you sense that he is alone now," an old friend who was present said. "He's there, but somewhere else at the same time, even though he is acting very much as he did before. All the children know Pierre—he loves children—and they were excited about his coming in a helicopter, and the bodyguards, and so on. The kids kept throwing him into the water and calling to the bodyguards, 'Come and get the Prime Minister! Save him! Someone wants to drown him!'"

"Later, at midnight, we were swim-

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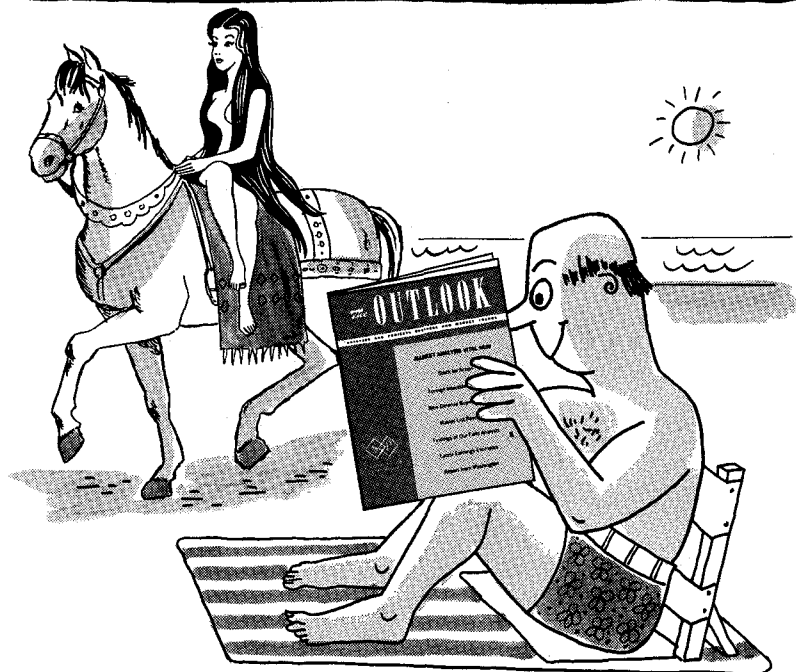
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ming and heard shooting across the lake. So Pierre took someone's flashlight and tried to see what it was. We shrugged our shoulders and said, 'So what?' But we knew his life was in danger. We weren't afraid, but the Kennedy assassinations had made us conscious of the danger."

ALL kinds of systems and flow charts showing what is happening have been installed in the Parliament Buildings to sort out the demands on Trudeau's time. Gordon Gibson is his Executive Assistant, with an office immediately adjacent to the Prime Minister's, and is in charge of his daily schedule both in Ottawa and when he travels. Unlike Pearson, who has lived a life full of political crises, Trudeau cannot switch off and look at a baseball game for relaxation. Like all bachelors, he is a bit fussy. He has described himself as a "clocked person," who does not like surprises. Even his well-tailored casual clothes are an expression of his studied approach to relaxation. Although the pressure of time makes it essential for him to have speechwriters, he finds it difficult to use other people's words even after extensive consultation during the speechwriting. When he is bored with the text, his delivery is deadly dull; on the other hand, when he is pleased and the structure suits his own rational mind, he may surprise listeners with the drama and excitement of the speech. He is himself an agonized writer, who weighs every word. In speaking, he often departs from the text, to the relief of his writers, who think he is much better then, and in fact his best speeches are spontaneous, which is why he prefers any question-and-answer type of meeting. Hard questions stimulate him, and he is apt to complain later if the questions were too easy. He is, even now, a painstaking correspondent, keeping up written contact with hundreds of people he has met all over the world. In many cases, he gives his private secretary, Cécile Viau, a general idea of what he wants to say, and she drafts the letters that he signs.

Time to think—this is what Trudeau requires above everything, and, theoretically, a full two-hour period during which nobody is permitted to see him is kept open whenever possible (although this is fairly constantly invaded), and an attempt is made to keep at least every second weekend free for catching up on paperwork. He expects anyone to whom he delegates authority to take full responsibility, and if something goes wrong he wants to know why. If the

same thing goes wrong again, because of the same person, that person's days are probably numbered, no matter how close to Trudeau he may have been. Trudeau is decisive once he has made up his mind, but he makes up his mind slowly, considering alternatives as long as he can and continuing to question himself until it is time to choose one course of action over another. For him, a tight schedule is an entrapment, and where another man might do his best when pressed, Trudeau rebels. When he gets irritated and explodes, he usually feels quite sorry afterward, since he is really concerned about his staff and sensitive to their feelings. "The most important thing I do is to try and give him time to maneuver," Gordon Gibson has said. "Whenever I can, I postpone pressing him to do things as long as possible, so that he can do them voluntarily. It's not as tidy planning, but it gives him more freedom and flexibility."

Trudeau's working day starts at nine o'clock every morning. When Pearson walked into his office in the morning, his staff waited to say hello until they had gauged his mood. Trudeau always walks in with a hello and a smile for everyone. A daily early-morning staff meeting lasts anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour, depending on the number of questions each person raises. Only four people besides the Prime Minister attend: Marc Lalonde; Roméo LeBlanc, a former C.B.C. correspondent, who is Press Secretary; Gordon Robertson, the Clerk of the Privy Council and the Secretary to the Cabinet, which means he is the highest-ranking Canadian civil servant, who is sometimes referred to

as the Keeper of the Secrets; and Robertson's assistant, Marshall Crowe. Certain appointments are inflexible. Every Monday afternoon, from four to six, there is a long-range-planning meeting with members of the staff. Tuesday mornings, Trudeau has a planning session with Cabinet ministers, and Tuesday afternoons he meets with other Cabinet members on Canada's most pressing current problem, federal-provincial relations. Every Wednesday morning at ten-thirty when Parliament is in session, the Liberal Members have a caucus that the Prime Minister attends, and at six that evening he goes to see the Governor-General, the Right Honourable Roland Michener. On Thursday mornings, or more often when necessary, the full Cabinet meets, either in a room near the chamber of the House of Commons or in the



East Block's Canadian Gothic Cabinet Room.

When Parliament is in session, a large portion of the Prime Minister's life revolves around one appointment in the House of Commons, the Question Period—that daily display of parliamentary responsibility in government wherein the Prime Minister and his Cabinet are exposed, without previous notice, to questions from the House. It begins promptly at two o'clock every weekday but Friday, when it is at eleven in the morning, and customarily lasts from forty minutes to an hour. The severity and extent of the questioning is peculiar to the Canadian Parliament. In the British House of Commons, prior notice must be given of a question, and the Prime Minister need not be present more than once every few days, whereas in Canada the Prime Minister is present every day. This places a heavy burden on Trudeau, who is expected to somehow have all the answers. The Question Period has two purposes: to obtain information about how the Government is operating, and to embarrass the Government by springing questions that make those in power look foolish. A highly sophisticated game, it is the dramatic climax of the parliamentary day. Everybody comes to the show, and Trudeau is an expert, witty, and sometimes irritable performer. He is not upset by fair questions, and is exhilarated by really tricky ones, but shows his annoyance plainly when questions are silly, stupid, terribly general, or have already been asked and are repeated by backbenchers who have been absent and not done enough homework.

The assignment of keeping the Prime Minister on top of this seemingly impossible duty has been given to Ivan Head, an outwardly serene professor of international law from western Canada, who was once in the Foreign Service. He has full access to Trudeau at all times, by telephone or in person, and comes very close to being an indispensable man. "You gain a kind of sixth sense of how to do it," Professor Head says. "Civil servants back you up with information. Ordinarily, if the Government is defeated on a major money bill or a plank on government policy, it is a signal for it to resign, so, although nothing requires the Prime Minister to answer, if he doesn't the Opposition will assume he either doesn't know something or is hiding something."

Professor Head's office is a step away from the Prime Minister's. "Although quite often he gets here just as the bells

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are ringing for the session to start, I am supposed to see the Prime Minister for half an hour immediately prior to the Question Period and brief him on events that, in my view, might be reflected in questions," he says. "A quantity of material has to be passed to him on the go. We're in tune on the vocabulary and the essentials, and he's on top of the job now. After the House meeting, we have a debriefing, and decide which matters have to be followed up and what has to be done. I have had all kinds of relationships with ambassadors and heads of state, and so on, but I have never worked with anyone who so stimulated me as Trudeau.

You determine your intellectual investment in accordance with the task, and the investment required with him is just total. He has an immense grasp of detail, and a functional mind. He will not tolerate slipshod work or indefensible opinions. He's not the kind of fellow who makes you nervous, but he has a commanding presence. He's in control, and he's open-minded, too. He'll say, 'What would you say about that?' I find him incapable of insincerity or deception. The fact is that he has such high intellectual standards that he won't permit himself to be deceptive, and that fresh, open approach is one of the factors that have made him so appealing. The kids recognized it, a hundred per cent."

Other experienced government officials who work frequently with Trudeau regard his mind as the best they have ever dealt with. All three Liberal Prime Ministers in the past half century have been men of topnotch intelligence, capable of arriving at good conclusions on complex questions. Pearson was vague and intuitive, his associates say, but his reactions were predictable, and usually the results were good; he was not actually the open man he seemed to be, and most of his staff felt that they never quite knew him. Louis St. Laurent was a relatively uncomplicated French Canadian, with a clear, logical mind, like Trudeau's. Mackenzie King, another bachelor, and a political genius who lasted more than twenty years, had a subtle mind that went off on tangents, but he came to conclusions, although it was never quite clear how he managed to. He himself said he always knew what to do but not always why. Trudeau is mysterious to his associates, and something new about him seems to show up every couple of days. His emotions are not readily apparent, and his reactions seem totally intellectual. According to those who know his mind best, Trudeau ar-

rives at a conclusion by logical, precise thought. As a lawyer, he thinks and requires others to think in a rational, constructive way; if they do not, he becomes annoyed. One of his colleagues, describing him, said, "While he keeps his perspective on the whole picture, he wants to tie a bow on each point and move on to the next one. He has a distaste, almost a repugnance, for taking things in the wrong order, or getting facts associated in an illogical way. You can practically see him recoil. If there are three lines of consideration for an aspect of policy, Trudeau will start on the first one. If someone moves over to

the second before they have finished with the first, he just won't do it. It's not a confinement, it's a method. It's not a plodding one, two, three, but a streaking brilliance. The intervening steps might not be touched upon, but you know they are there. If all the information isn't there, he finds it better not to decide, and will go back, if he has given something the wrong weight, and re-examine it. He will also remember exactly where a view was at variance in a previous conversation, and you have to justify your shift."

The Prime Minister's popularity has waned a bit, and there are complaints that he is not doing enough. More than most people, Trudeau is aware of the inconstancy of the public mood, and his apparent indifference to public affection or alienation is probably based on his attitude that whatever happens in political life is part of the game. In his own life, he does not neglect any part of what he thinks he can be or do, and by extension this is what he now wants for his country. During this past year, especially in the last six months, he has been rearranging the government of Canada in ways that do not necessarily show: bringing the creaky machinery of Parliament up to date, by such measures as reducing the time required for ministers to be in the House during the Question Period, so they have more afternoons to work, and strengthening the House committee structure to handle increasing work loads; modernizing the government by means of a whole array of new rules and financial arrangements, especially with the provinces, to cope with an increasingly complex society; having fewer meetings of the large, unwieldy Cabinet and more of Cabinet committees; and establishing an office for the Prime Minister, with staff members covering various areas of responsibility and providing him with a separate reservoir of advice. The development of a Prime Minis-

ter's office, somewhat paralleling in concept the White House office of the President of the United States, challenges the whole system of Canadian government. Until now, no Prime Minister has had such an extensive staff of his own with delegated authority, and Pearson functioned with only about a quarter of the staff that Trudeau now has, obtaining his advice primarily from his ministers and the civil service. Canada has prided itself on being the rugged frontier country that, until recently, it was, operating simplistically, hesitant to face its own increasing maturity. But now, beyond the beauty and grandeur of the land and its lavish supply of resources, it has huge gleaming cities, an expanding industrial economy, its own distinctive and exciting culture, and highly complicated social problems. The changes Trudeau has quietly made already, although they may appear minor, have impinged enough upon timeworn customs to produce shouts from the Opposition about the "destruction of the democratic way of life" and complaints from Trudeau's own constituents that the government is letting them down. Trudeau's philosophy of counterbalancing is so much a part of him that it follows naturally that, after a flamboyant campaign, he began the actual process of governing in the low-keyed manner he chose, following some inner and compelling blueprint, carefully testing the way and moving meticulously, as he does with everything.

"I HAVE felt that the government of Canada was breaking down in the last few years," the Prime Minister said. "It was breaking down under the pressure of the provinces, when we had a minority Government in Parliament. We had a hell of a lot of catching up to do before we could operate, and I wasn't sure whether it wasn't too late already. We needed all kinds of reforms—in Party organization, the civil service, federal institutions, finance. We weren't able to plan our government or our expenditures, and to govern we had to solve all this. Then the government might become a ship we could steer. We are pushed by Parliament, we are pushed by international events, but I have not been in a hurry to produce any revolutionary ideas. First, we had to get a runaway federal government under control. In the last six months, we have succeeded beyond our dreams. It is working now, and I feel that there is little chance today that my government will break down."

The Prime Minister took a last sip

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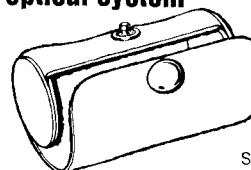
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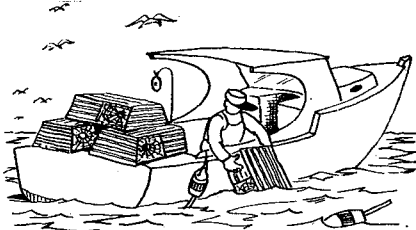
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**The
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from his coffee cup. He looked out the window toward the garden. "The federal and provincial governments were stumbling over each other, completely out of kilter, like characters in one of those Chinese plays," he said. "Conceivably, the country could have foundered, and the people probably sensed this. The forces of disruption and chaos are so great in the world that I am not afraid of erring on the side of machinery. Most important is the reform of Parliament and the Cabinet committees, of election laws."

He rose from the luncheon table, looked quickly at his watch, and continued talking as he walked to the front door and climbed into a black chauffeur-driven limousine that was waiting to carry him to the Parliament Buildings. Trudeau changes rapidly. He can be dashing and youthful, full of vigor, a severe and proper public servant, or suddenly tired, as he seemed sitting back in the car, with deep circles under his eyes. "My next appointment this afternoon is with V.I.P.s, which I don't enjoy, because I need that time for repose, to think things out," he said. "I have a lot of fun, even in Parliament, and I am beginning to be a little less impatient, but I tire physically."

At the Parliament Buildings, he got out of the car and ran rapidly up the steps, taking them effortlessly two at a time. In his oak-paneled formal office, four large brown leather dispatch cases covered chairs behind him. "Full of documents, all of them to be signed," he said with a sigh. It was a hot day. He took off his jacket, rolled up his shirtsleeves, sank into his chair, and put his feet up on the desk. "I dream. I dream all the time," he said. "I've always dreamt of a society where each person should be able to fulfill himself to the extent of his capabilities as a human being, a society where inhibitions to equality would be eradicated. This means providing individual freedoms, and equality of opportunity, health, and education, and I conceive of politics as a series of decisions to create this society. We in Canada have a chance that other nations do not have of attacking and solving problems. We should be devoting ourselves to finding the way. We should be experimenting with institutions, penal reforms, uses of freedom, the scope of permissiveness. We live in a society that is peaceful. We have no violent revolutions, we haven't been touched physically by war. We really are most favored for developing conditions under which the man of tomorrow can experiment. I dream of

a Canada that can be doing those things."

He loosened his tie and ran his finger around his collar. "I don't want to sound as if I've got a vision or that Canada has a vision," he said. "I'm not a crusader, and I don't feel we are charged with a mission by the Holy Ghost. But progress is a very large word for man's movement toward freedom for the individual. On the constitutional side, when you have a federal form of government you need and want a constitution to define the rules of the game. In the British system, where you assume the sovereignty of Parliament, you don't need a written constitution, because Parliament can change the rules of the game. For the British, Parliament is supreme, and for the

United States the constitution is supreme. We're in between; we have retained elements of the sovereignty of Parliament, which can change all our statutes, but to an extent that is limited by our constitution."

He dropped his feet to the floor and got up. "When I talk to students, I tell them we shouldn't think of Canada as one of the big important nations. We can't tell the rest of the world what to do and force our ideas on Africa and Asia. We must be more modest in our ambitions, and not carry the burdens of the world on our shoulders. If we don't solve our own problems, other people will—and the world of tomorrow belongs to the people who will solve them."

He smiled. Standing in his shirt-sleeves, tie loose, eyes shining, he looked young and full of energy. He quickly rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat, and straightened his tie. "I see Canada as a land of tremendous opportunity in terms of jobs, in terms of its natural beauty and wealth and its three oceans, its temperate climate, its standard of living, its system of education, its technical knowledge," he said, walking with his visitor to the door. "I enjoy being Prime Minister. I am pleased to be part of this society. I see Canada exploring its past, experimenting with its future—playing its political role—first at home, and then in the world."

—EDITH IGLAUER

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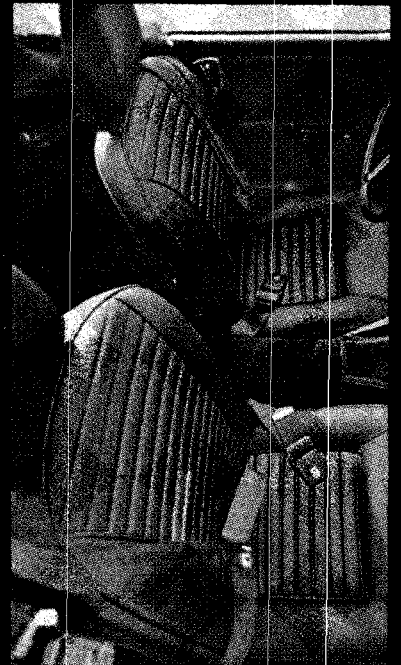
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OFF BROADWAY

A FEW overdue notes on "Promenade," which deserves to be the hit it is. First of all, the star is, of course, the unseen Al Carmines, whose fluent, tuneful, sly, prodigal score celebrates and parodies all kinds of songs, from operatic arias to foxtrots and jazz. There are thirty-two numbers listed in the program and Heaven knows how many unlisted ones. I cannot pretend that I did not miss Mr. Carmines at the piano, but Susan Romann makes a perfectly acceptable substitute. As in other shows that (like this one) originated at the Judson Poets' Theatre under Lawrence Kornfeld's direction—"Gorilla Queen" and "In Circles," for example—the nonsensical and often funny words serve as a point of departure for all kinds of lovely, arbitrary shenanigans, and the changes of mood come swiftly and without warning. It must be said, though, that Maria Irene Fornes, who wrote the words here, is no Gertrude Stein; "Promenade" is no "In Circles." Though it delights the ear and eye and prods the funny bone, it leaves the heart and head pretty much as is, except for a touching moment here and there, and it is most delightful and effective when it is seemingly most carefree and doesn't try for satire or anything else. The style of the whole production is a triumph. Rouben Ter-Arutuni-an's abstract structure of wheels makes a stunning backdrop, and Willa Kim has never done wittier or more imaginative costumes, many of them caricaturing, in their bizarre extravagance, the dress-up clothes of period musicals in the twenties and thirties. (Come to think of it, the tone of the whole show—score, sets, costumes, and performances—is a kind of

takeoff on old Shubert musicals and operettas.) The singing is exceptional; it pours out without the help of hidden mikes or any other irritating devices, and the performers, in ability and experience, are miles above those we usually hear Off Broadway. However, I wished at times that they were as good at pronouncing words as they are at singing them. There is a thread not exactly of plot but at least of continuity that runs through all the non sequiturs and monkeyshines. Two convicts, 105 and 106, escape from prison. Pursued by a Mack Sennett jailer, they join a bunch of cartoon high-society types—at a party, on the road, on a battlefield (the battlefield scene owes more than is acknowledged to Arrabal's "Picnic on the Battlefield"), at another party, and, finally, back in prison—and they make friends along the way with a waitress, a waiter, and a dishwasher. Miss Fornes may have had something in mind—some contrast of the lot of the rich and the poor—but, if so, it did not occur to me until this minute.

In an enterprise as special as "Promenade," it is almost impossible to appraise individual performances. Nevertheless, Gilbert Price seemed very good to me as 106. Al Settimio, who played 105 last Wednesday, was good, too, and Shannon Bolin gives a tender performance as an old woman who wanders into the action and mothers everybody in sight. The other members of the cast are Margot Albert, Marc Allen III, Michael Davis, Pierre Epstein, Edmund Gaynes, George S. Irving, Madeline Kahn, Glenn Kezer, Art Ostrin, Alice Playten, Florence Tarrow, and Carrie Wilson. You'll be hearing from all of them, I expect.

A. R. GURNEY, JR.'s, funny and moving satire "The David Show," which has just closed for the second time (it played for one night last October), was part of a double bill of Mr. Gurney's plays called "Tonight in Living Color." The play had been shortened and, I think, changed quite a lot, and I must say right off that, although I still admire "The David Show," and although I did laugh a bit, I found this production of it disappointing—not nearly as bright or as sharp or as well done as it was originally. As for the other play, "The Golden Fleece" was an ironic comedy about the tragedy of Medea and Jason, as relayed by a pair of their friends—a



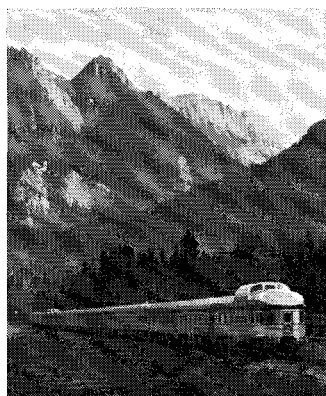
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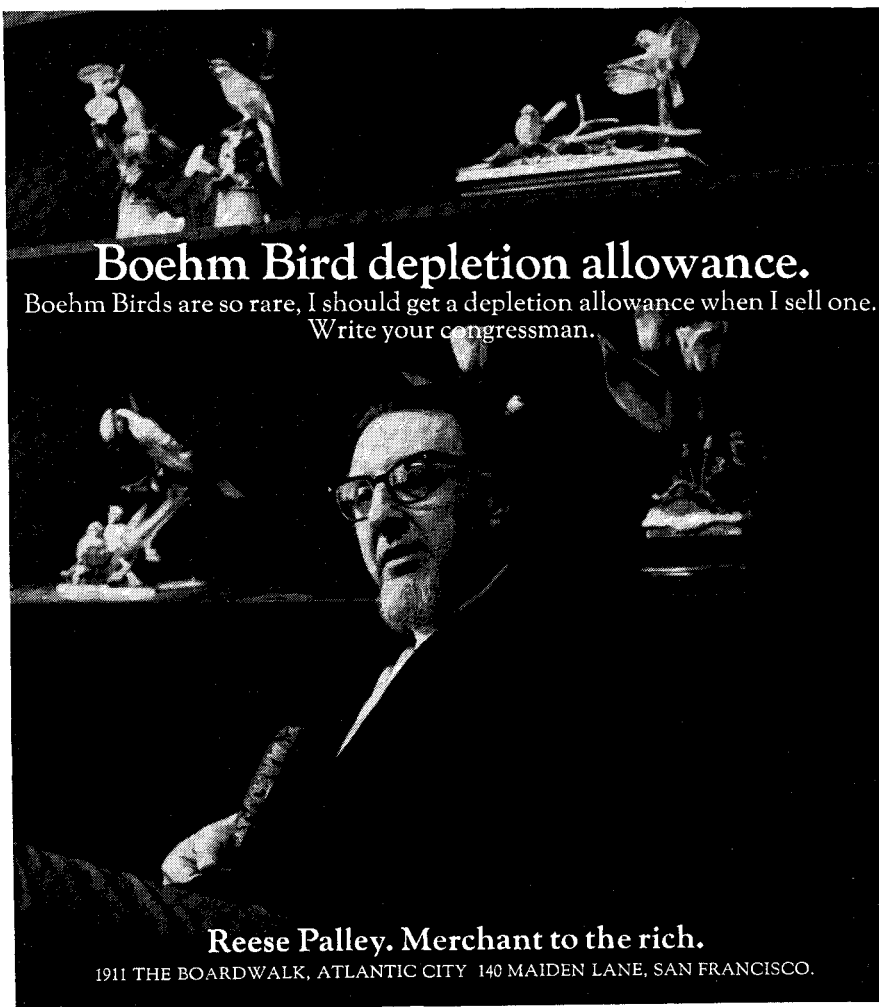
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businessman and his wife, Bill and Betty—who inform each other and the audience of the terrible events taking place offstage, and whose involvement with the unseen protagonists is something more than that of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with *their* ravaged royal household. Bill was in the Navy with Jason, he explains, and actually was Jason's steersman when Jason captured the Golden Fleece and, with it, its owner, the Princess Medea; Betty has "used the connection" to strike up a friendship with Medea and to visit her in her large, impressive house somewhere outside of town. And so the old story goes. As Bill and Betty report the action to us, these silly opportunists take over the passions of their elemental, immortal counterparts and are themselves sucked into the roles of the demigods, almost to their destruction. Only at the last moment, after the police have called to report that Medea has shot her children, do they become aware of their own trivial mortality and cling to each other in terror. Dramatic ingenuity is a rare quality, and irony is even rarer, and Mr. Gurney was able to keep his comic and tragic elements in balance, seldom showing his hand, and the lines he wrote for Bill and Betty were quite funny—often painfully so. Tim O'Connor and Rue McClanahan got a bit too hokey at times, but, by and large, they were believable.

—EDITH OLIVER

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drom'e:dary: the one-humped or Arabian camel, *Camelus dromedarius*
—*American College Dictionary, Random House, 1964.*

drom'e:dary: the two-humped camel, *Camelus dromedarius*, of Arabia
—*Random House Dictionary of the English Language, 1966.*

THE SPORTING SCENE

BACK in 1895, when the first United States Open Golf Championship was played, staging it was a very simple matter. The field that gathered at the Newport Golf Club that summer consisted of ten pros and one amateur, and since the tournament distance was only thirty-six holes, it took just a day to wrap up the whole affair. Today it takes a full month, because the Open has developed into the most baroque intricate of all the big, lustrous annual fixtures on the sports calendar. This year, for example, the United States Golf Association, which conducts the Open, accepted a record total of 3,447 entrants for the championship—about four hundred more than last year. Of this number, thirty-three were golfers who were automatically qualified for places in the starting field of a hundred and fifty by dint of having won one of the last five Opens or P.G.A. Championships or the 1968 U.S. Amateur Championship, by finishing in the top fifteen in the 1968 Open, or by standing among the fifteen leading money-winners on the pro tour over the previous twelve months. The rest of the army of aspirants had to qualify. On May 19th and 20th, 3,355 of them swung into action in the so-called Local Qualifying Round (thirty-six holes) held in fifty-six cities spread from Providence to Amarillo, Boise, and Honolulu. The six hundred and twenty-four survivors of this initial examination were then joined by fifty-nine players whose records had exempted them from *local* qualifying, and on June 2nd and 3rd this bunch went at it in the Sectional Qualifying Round (also thirty-six holes), held in fourteen cities, to determine the fortunate hundred and seventeen who would tee it up on June 12th at this year's Open site, the Champions Golf Club in Houston.

As a rule, even the overboard golf fan—the man who knows Gary Player's shoe size and Billy Casper's Social Security number—doesn't pay much attention to these elaborate preliminaries, since it is rare that any of the game's glittering marquee names are involved in them. This

EAST OF THE PECOS

year, however, Arnold Palmer, of all unlikely people, had to earn his spot in the Open via sectional qualifying. Palmer, who comes from Latrobe, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, chose to undergo the test at McKeesport, about twenty-five miles away, over a course with the perfect backwoods name for the occasion: the Youghiogheny Country Club. It was sort of like basic democracy at work—Palmer backswing to backswing with the uncelebrated hopefuls from the boon-docks—and while the parallel is not exact, what popped into my mind whenever I tried to visualize the scene at Youghiogheny was those old photographs of Coolidge checking the polls in Plymouth, Vermont, or Asquith stumping the villages of East Fife-shire, his constituency, on the eve of a general election. Although Palmer was accompanied every step of the way by a faithful gallery of over three thousand manic rooters, he played extremely well and not only gained one of the eight places set aside for the field of fifty-two at Youghiogheny but actually led the field. All things taken into consideration, it probably is wisest for a name star like Palmer to tackle the ordeal of qualifying close to home. I am thinking of the troubles that befell Sam Snead, of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, back in 1961, when he was forced to qualify and registered for

the Detroit area, the qualifying site nearest to the tour tournament that finished on the Sunday before the Tuesday of the Sectional Qualifying Round. Snead flew into Detroit's Metropolitan Airport on Monday and instructed his cabdriver to take him to the Orchard Lake Country Club—he wanted to get in a familiarization round. It being a Monday, the staff's day off, the course was practically deserted, but Snead dug up a boy to carry his bag and set forth. On reaching the sixteenth hole, he found a group of workmen resodding the green, and when he asked them why they were doing a thing like that the day before the qualifying round, the foreman told him, "They're not holding that here. That's at Grosse Ile." Grosse Ile, Orchard Lake—you can see how a fellow under pressure might get the two names confused. Anyway, it worked out all right. Snead got to the correct course the next day and qualified handily.

WHILE the Open—the championship itself—is always superbly produced, the quality of the production falls a little short of the Masters. This is unavoidable, for the Masters has the advantage of being held at the same location year after year. (So does Wimbledon, which I mention because I always lump Wimbledon and the Masters together as far and away the most beautifully administered and staged sports events I know of.) What

the Open is, really, is the biggest, best, and oldest established permanent floating road show on the American scene. Every so often it returns to a famous course that has hosted it in an earlier decade, but the main point is that the Open moves to a different course each June. If my arithmetic is correct, it has now been played at forty-five clubs in fifteen states and the District of Columbia, since the U.S.G.A. believes that the national championship (no less than the qualifying rounds for it) should be national in scope. This year marked the third time that the Open has travelled to Texas. It went there first—to the Co-



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lonial Club in Fort Worth—in 1941 (Craig Wood was the winner, despite having to play with a strapped-up back), and in 1952 it was held at the Northwood Club in Dallas (where a native son, Ben Hogan, wilted in the heat on the last day and a slim young fellow from Connecticut, Julius Boros, came on to win it).

Perhaps the signal fact about the Champions course, this year's venue for the Open, is how little it fits the popular concept of a Texas golf layout. When I first visited it, two years ago, I had on previous trips been to seven other courses in the state—three in San Antonio, two in Fort Worth, and two in Houston—and while they had their merits, for the most part they were, as I had been led to expect, pretty flat, wide-open and windswept, short on foliage, hard under the foot, brown and sere. Champions, or, to be more specific, the Cypress Creek course at Champions (the club has a second eighteen, called Jackrabbit Road), looks like rural Maryland or Surrey. Situated some twenty miles from downtown Houston, it was carved out of a handsome forest that resembles the Piney Woods of East Texas much more than it does the usual scrubby backland off the Gulf of Mexico. Just about every hole is enclosed by stands of loblolly pine, red oak, and hickory thick with fox squirrels and mockingbirds, cardinals, purple martins, bluebirds, and the rare pileated woodpecker. While the terrain isn't exactly rolling, there is some undulation to it. The fairways and greens, both of Bermuda grass, are a deep emerald. The wind is never too wild, and the air, sodden though it frequently is with Gulf Coast humidity, can have a touch of fragrance to it. Above and beyond this, the Cypress Creek course—for the Open it played 6,967 yards—is a thoroughly demanding layout, since its designer, Ralph Plummer, a capable architect in his own right, had the assistance of the joint founders of Champions, Jimmy Demaret and Jack Burke, and they are two of the wisest tournament golfers and golf minds of the post-Second World War era.

From the outset, it was Burke's and Demaret's primary goal to come up with a course good enough to play the Open on. When that day arrived, in mid-June, it rounded off one of the more heartwarming "success stories" we have had in golf in recent times. Briefly, Burke and Demaret—both are natives of Houston—conceived the idea of starting a golf club of their own

eleven years ago. They sank most of their savings into the project, and were able to round up the necessary supporting capital from their home-town friends. The course got built and was generally admired, but for four or five years Champions teetered on the verge of financial collapse. Proper Houstonians considered the club too far out of town, on the wrong side of town, and, at length, it was in such tremulous straits that it was offering bargain memberships to just about anyone who came around. By 1963, however, an upward spiral began, gradually at first and then with the unreal speed with which things happen east of the Pecos nowadays. The club's rolls started to grow; a number of well-heeled members decided they had had it with residential Houston and built opulent new homes bordering the fairways;



other members invested in brick cottages that went up in an informal colony near the clubhouse. In no time at all, a second course had to be added in order to accommodate the crush. Today, Champions stands as one of the most impressive golf plants in the world, and when you walk around it and take in the three hundred private homes that peer out of the woods, the forty-one-unit cottage colony, the Augusta National-like landscaping (I particularly admire the clumps of flowering mimosa), and the two carefully tended courses that are the heart of the operation, a warm feeling surges through you. Demaret and Burke are superior fellows, and it is right that they made it.

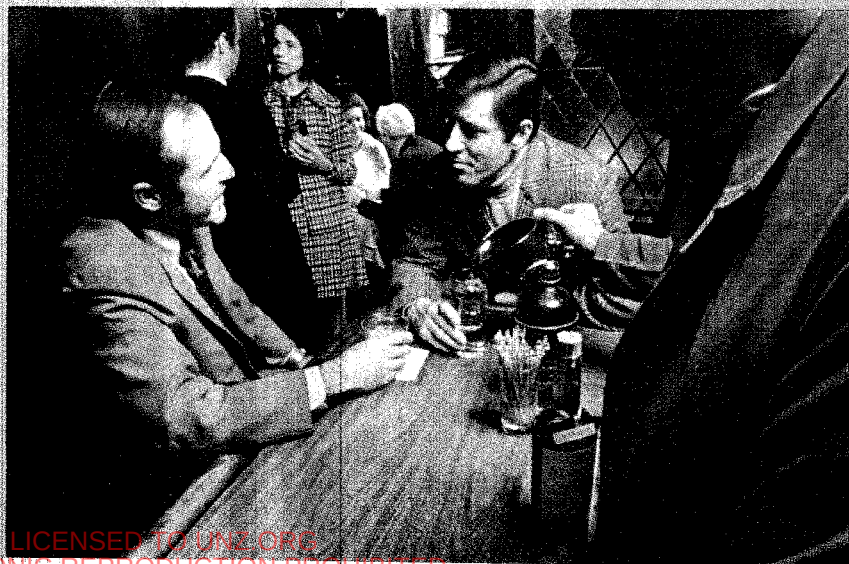
When Champions hosted the national championship, it also brought full circle a story that had begun fifty years before, when Burke's father—Jack Burke, Sr.—came within a stroke of tying for first place in the 1920 Open, at Inverness. At that time, Burke, Sr., who had discovered golf as a caddie in Philadelphia, was attached to a club in St. Paul, but shortly thereafter he accepted an offer from the River Oaks club in Houston. Besides being an excellent player, he had the ability to teach golf and to transmit his enthusiasm for the game. The elder Burke was directly responsible for giving Demaret his start in golf by promoting him from shop boy at River Oaks to his assistant, and, by making golf so attractive, he also had a considerable influence on the brigade of young Texans who began to come to the fore in the nineteen-thirties—among them Ralph Guldahl, Byron Nelson, Lloyd Mangrum, and Ben Hogan, to name only

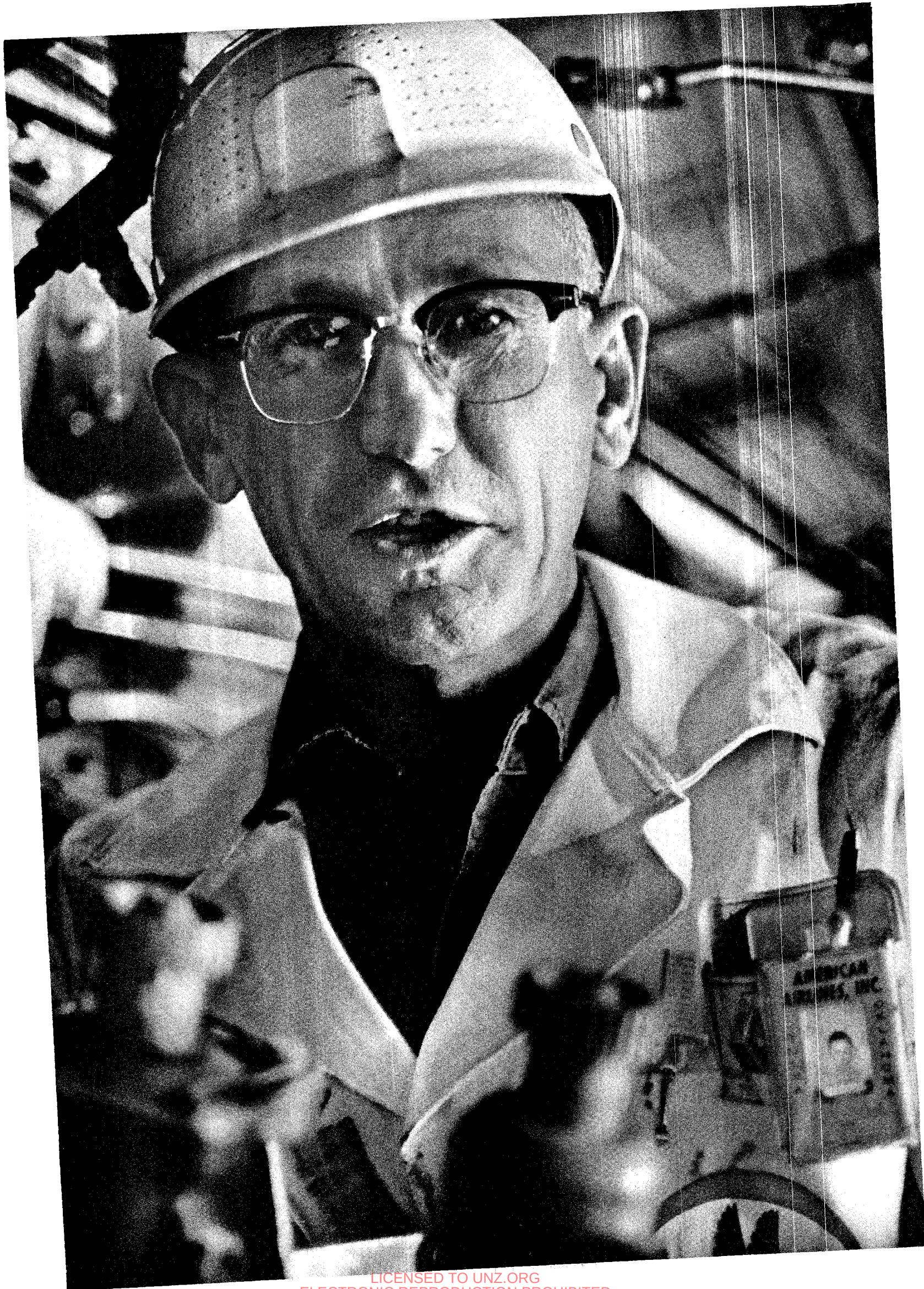


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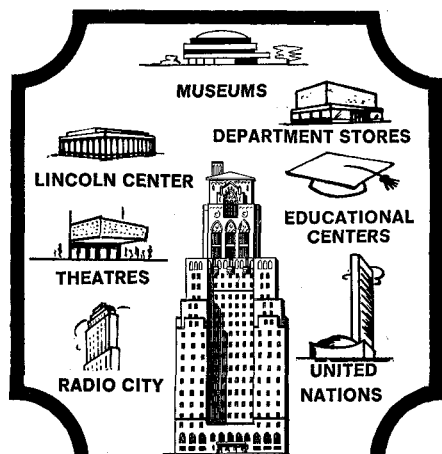
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the ones who became Open champions—and who went on to make Texas the new Scotland.

Just before this year's Open, Hogan told me, "Along with people like Mr. Burke, the most important factor in developing so many good young players in Texas in my day was the wonderful series of amateur tournaments that was put on. It was kind of like an amateur tour—a tournament every week or every two weeks. River Oaks, River Crest in Fort Worth, the Houston Country Club, the San Antonio Country Club, and three or four of the other top clubs ran these invitational tournaments. That really stimulated the young golfers. They took great pride in getting their game in shape. They practiced daylight and dark. Sometimes I wonder if at any other time in the history

of golf there were so many fine amateurs collected in one area as there were in Texas in those days." Hogan, who was strapped for money, played in only two amateur events—an invitational at Cedar Crest in Dallas and the Trans-Mississippi Championship the year it was held at the Shreveport Country Club, across the Louisiana line. "I made the trip to Shreveport with another young fellow from Fort Worth, Smiley Rowland," Hogan recalled. "We rented a room near the course—I had only twenty-five dollars, as I remember. At that time, I was not a good player, truly, but I did very well that week. I got to the final, where Gus Moreland beat me. I hadn't expected to last that long, so it took all my money to pay for my room and board, and I had to hock my watch to pay my caddie. Then I had to bum a ride home. A man in an open touring car picked me up, and, just my luck, it rained all the way back to Fort Worth."

THURSDAY, the day of the first round of the 1969 Open, was a steamer. The temperature was only eighty-seven degrees, but the humidity was eighty-five per cent, and all you had to do was walk one hole in the sun and you were wringing wet. The weather even got to the local residents. Midway in the day, when I was heading for the sanctuary of the air-conditioned clubhouse after watching Arnold Palmer through the twelfth hole, I decided to flop for a moment in the shade of some pines, and as I sat there a fagged-out cardinal came flapping slowly by, lumbering like an overloaded cargo plane, and barely made the branch he was aiming for. When I

resumed my walk in, I ran into Winnie Palmer, Arnold's wife, who was going out to pick up her husband on the fourteenth. She was carrying a container and explained that she had been dispatched at the ninth green to find some Gatorade. (This is the soft drink that football teams use, because it replenishes the lost body fluids and salts of a dehydrated athlete a great deal faster than water.) I remember little else about the round except watching Snead, who played in his first Open in 1937, roll in three consecutive birdie putts of about twenty-five feet at the start of his round, momentarily raising the hopes of his followers that a miracle might be in the offing. Then he slipped a little and finished with a 71. Palmer, playing well, was even par—70. All in all, the scores ran about the way they

usually do in the first round of the Open. Only eight players broke par. Bob Murphy had a 66, Miller Barber a 67, and Deane Beman and Al Geiberger 68s. The four of them, as it turned out, were to remain in contention right up to the seventy-second hole in an Open that proved to be rather thin on drama but so closely contested in its final stages that had a few putts gone a little differently, a five-way playoff could have resulted.

The humidity was less sapping on the second day, but the over-all level of scoring was, if anything, a trifle higher. At the halfway mark, only four players were under par, and Beman, at 137—three under—was out in front. These figures did not conform at all to the ones predicted before the tournament by most of the locker-room soothsayers who had sent out the word that the greatest onslaught on par in Open history was imminent. As they explained it, one reason the course was bound to be taken apart was that the enormous greens (some were sixty-five yards from tip to tip) offered targets that were much too lenient, but the chief reason was the rough, or, rather, the lack of it; it wasn't anything like the genuine Open article but merely a light growth of dwarf hybrid Bermuda grass no more than two inches high on the average. Well, this rough may have looked docile, but Bermuda grass, with its fibrous tentacles, is always hard to handle, and it certainly was at Champions. Three out of four shots played from it came squirting or ducking out, far off-line, and when a golfer missed a green and needed to execute a deft little touch shot from the collar of rough he seldom could get the ball into one-putt range. (While we're on the

subject, it might be noted that you can't let Bermuda grass sprout four inches high, as you can fescue and red-top and the other strains used for rough in the North Temperate Zone, because a golf ball will almost invariably sink down through the grass to the ground. Then, as we learned in the 1958 Open, at Tulsa, the only club that can gouge the ball out of that kind of matted lie is a sand wedge.) Aside from this, Champions played long for the Open, no less than eight of the twelve par-4 holes measuring four hundred and thirty yards or more. Beman, for example, had to use a fairway wood for his approach shot on eight par 4s on his first round and on four par 4s on his second. Even the longer hitters were pumping a succession of 2-irons, 3-irons, and 4-irons at the greens. That's not easy golf.

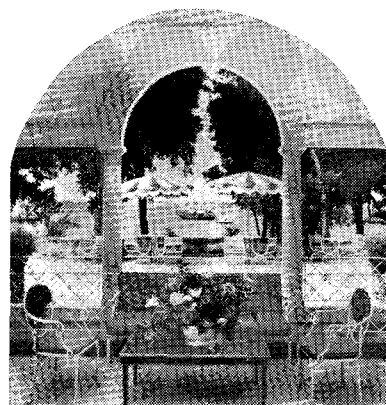
A periodic puff of breeze had struggled up from Galveston on the first two days, but on Saturday, no such luck. It was like a sauna bath out on the course, and no doubt this contributed to the difficulties that most of the men in contention experienced on the second nine—the tougher nine in any weather. One of the few who finished strong was Miller Barber, a thirty-eight-year-old Texan who these last two seasons has come into tardy bloom after a lengthy apprenticeship on the pro tour. Barber is a rather interesting fellow. Heavy-shouldered and round-faced, he wears large-lensed dark glasses, and this gives him a look that is a cross between a friendly motorcycle cop and a U-boat commander. He went to the University of Arkansas and loves to talk about its football teams, but apart from this he is so quiet and so zealous about his privacy that his colleagues refer to him as Mr. X. There is an X quality to his golf game, too. He hits fine shots, but how he manages to is somewhat baffling, because his style is most unorthodox. He picks the club up abruptly on the backswing, crooks it far to the inside, and then, in a flash, loops it into his downswing. Anyway, Barber took over the lead on the fifteenth, a relatively short par 4 of four hundred and eighteen yards, when he followed a big drive with an 8-iron that just cleared the front bunker and finished two feet past the pin. There wasn't much cheering at this Open—the heat obviously had something to do with this—but as Barber strode onto the green he was greeted by a loud salvo of applause and delighted cries of "Soo-

ey, pig!", the old U. of Arkansas yell. A moment later, when he was working on his short putt (which he made), it was so quiet around the green that the only sound was the rattling buzz of the locusts in the trees.

That birdie put Barber two under for the day and four under for the tournament, which is how he finished the round. At 206, he held a three-shot lead over his closest challenger, Orville Moody, a thirty-five-year-old Oklahoman, part Choctaw, who joined the pro tour last year after fourteen years in the Army. A heavyset man (fifteen, two hundred pounds) with puffy features and a crinkled forehead, Moody is a steady golfer with a sound technique except on the greens, where he uses a cross-handed grip, the left hand lower on the shaft than the right. He now makes his home in Killeen, Texas, the town adjacent to Fort Hood—one of his last Army stations—and he is sponsored by three Killeen businessmen. (There is so much money in golf today that people buy pieces of the touring pros the way they buy pieces of prizefighters.) Beman was at 210 along with Bunky Henry, a young Georgian playing in his third Open. At 211, we had a figure from out of the past—Bob Rosburg, the 1959 P.G.A. champion, who is now a waddling forty-two and enters only a handful of tournaments. Rounding out the challengers, five men at 212—Geiberger, Murphy, Charles Coody, Bobby Mitchell, and Palmer. A very strange potpourri for the Open! The great players usually dominate the Open and the other major championships, but aside from Palmer the heroes of the past decade—Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Billy Casper, and Julius Boros—were miles off the pace. The same thing had happened earlier this season in the Masters, when Casper was the only player of top stature in the picture.

It is something to think about. It could be that a changing of the guard is already under way and that tournament golf is in the throes of a transitional period like the one that began in 1933, when the Open was won successively by John Goodman, Olin Dutra, Sam Parks, Jr., and Tony Manero. Then a new era arrived with the emergence of Nelson, Snead, and Hogan.

ON Sunday, the weather broke. A nice cool breeze came out of the north, and the final round was played in agreeable golf weather. Like many



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of the other spectators, I went out with Palmer, who was paired with Coody in the fourth-from-the-last twosome, just ahead of Mitchell and Rosburg, Beman and Henry, and Moody and Barber. There was only an outside chance that Palmer would be able to mount one of his old-time rushes and make up six strokes on the leader—he doesn't putt like the old Palmer anymore—but I was drawn to him anyway. He got off with a birdie, chipping in from the fringe, but two faded approach shots killed his momentum and quickly put him one over par for the round. Ordinarily, that kind of scoring would have knocked Palmer out of the running then and there, but Barber started off very shakily, missing his pars on the second and third, and when he continued to hit at least one poor shot per hole and failed to par three of the next five holes, this not only cancelled out the errors that Palmer and the other contenders had made but bunched the field tightly—so tightly that late in the afternoon, when Barber finally surrendered the lead to Moody after a double bogey on the twelfth, no less than six golfers stood within two strokes of the new leader. Palmer was one of them—two strokes back. On the fifteenth, the relatively short par 4, his challenge seemed over when he hooked his drive deep into the woods, since his only opening back to the fairway was a six-foot gap between two trees at the edge of the rough. Here he summoned one of the most remarkable shots of his career. Hooding what looked like a 4-iron, he played a low, intentional hook. The ball shot cleanly through the narrow opening and, turning left as if on cue, bounded toward the green, missed the front bunker by a yard, and rolled dead twenty-five feet short of the pin. The Palmer of 1962 would have holed that birdie putt. The Palmer of 1969 took three to get down, and that was it.

At length, the Open boiled down to a two-man fight between Moody and Rosburg. When Moody bogeyed the fourteenth, they stood all even—1 over par for the distance. Rosburg was playing the seventeenth, a four-hundred-and-thirty-six-yard par 4, when this news reached him. He proceeded to miss the green with his long iron but saved his 4 with a fine explosion shot and a seven-foot putt. The eighteenth, a four-hundred-and-thirty-one-yard par 4, was all uphill for Rosburg. After pulling his drive into trees and finding the bunker before the green with his

approach, he was confronted with the shot the pros consider among the most difficult in the game—the long sand shot. From ninety feet out, he came through with an absolutely magnificent stroke: he put the ball three feet from the cup. And then he went and missed the putt. At that moment, Moody was scrambling out his 4 on the seventeenth, and a 4 on the eighteenth would now win for him.

He could not have played the hole better: a huge two-hundred-and-seventy-five-yard drive down the fairway; a firmly struck 8-iron twelve feet to the right of the flag; two safe putts. The new champion's score: 71-70-68-72-281.



WHILE a good many people, on learning that the Open had been won by Orville Moody, reacted by giving the name the old "Sonny Tufts?" reading, his victory, though not expected, certainly did not come as a complete surprise to anyone who follows golf closely. The buffs who knew that the new Open champion had previously won no tournament more illustrious than the Korean Open (Sergeant Moody took it three times) also knew that this past winter and spring he was one of the most reliable performers on the pro tour and had earned \$38,000 in prize money—an impressive haul, particularly for a so-so putter. Unlike Lee Trevino, the 1968 Open champion, who is one of his closest friends, the 1969 champion is not an overly interesting player to watch, but he is a very capable shotmaker and should prove to be no flash in the pan. He also responds well to pressure. If he didn't, he would never have got to play in the Open, for in the Local Qualifying Round at Dallas, he had a comparative off day, and with nine holes to go it was apparent that he would have to pick up a couple of birdies to be sure of surviving. He birdied a par 5, and on the short seventeenth he holed out a bunker shot for a second birdie. His thirty-six-hole total was 149—a stroke below the cutoff score. After that, things came easier.

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THE RACE TRACK

Two Hundred Big Ones

THERE'S something close to magnificence in a big gamble. Bill Veeck, who has been trying at Suffolk Downs to get racing in Massachusetts out of the doldrums, made a big gamble at the Boston track last weekend with the Yankee Gold Cup Handicap, for \$200,000, at about two miles on the grass. No racecourse management had ever before put up such a sum for a single event. (There are larger purses, but much of the prize money in these is put up by the owners of the competing horses, and we won't go into that.) I'd like to think the bold move clicked, but it's hard to say. It certainly brought together the top runners on turf, with the exception of Fort Marcy, who opted for—and won—Hollywood Park's hundred-thousand-dollar Invitational Turf Handicap the week before. There was an entry from France in the Yankee—Samos II, who was sent over specially for the race. Unhappily, a heat wave and humidity as thick as fog sent many potential patrons bucketing off to the beaches. But the 18,680 who made it to the track saw a contest that was exciting from start to finish, with Jean-Pierre beating Taneb by a length and a quarter, and Petrone coming up in the stretch with a great rush to take third place from Samos II. Czar Alexander, the tired, top-weight favorite, was fifth. The time was 3:19½.

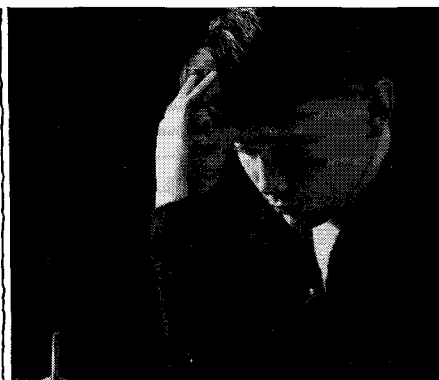
Taneb made most of the running, disposing of Czar Alexander and then fighting it out almost to the winning post with Jean-Pierre. The last-named, a five-year-old by Prince John out of Evilone, is no stranger; his winding-up gallop was a victory by five lengths in the Longfellow Handicap at Monmouth the week before. One of the lightweights in the Yankee, he carried 113 pounds. He went to the post tightly bandaged; it seems he'd cracked a cannon bone last year. All ended well, and Thomas Nichols, who owns him, collected \$164,287. The picture horse was Petrone, and I thought he ran a splendid race. Closest to the rail at the break—a big disadvantage at Suffolk because of a sharp turn at the start—he got away slowly and was far behind for a mile. When he did get going, he fairly flew. With better luck, he might not have missed. By the way, the turf course was barely wide enough

for the starting gate. But then there *wasn't* a turf course when I first saw Suffolk, as they call it, in the mid-thirties. In those days, the infield was littered with the strangest objects—old brass bedsteads, for instance, and various pieces of plumbing. It had once been a city dump, and for a long time the only green thing that would grow on it was broccoli. Indeed, everything has changed since the old crowd—Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., Dick Danielson, and John Macomber, to name a few of them—ran the place, and Back Bay dowagers got together and bet fifty cents each on the favorite to show and had an awful time splitting the winnings four ways when the ticket paid \$2.30. Bill Veeck can't bring back all that, but he's making a good try to improve racing. Recently, he acquired Berkshire Downs, a half-mile track in western Massachusetts, sight unseen. He does things like that.

AS you've probably heard, Majestic Prince may not run again this year. He has trouble in both front ankles. Johnny Longden, who trains him, said he noticed after the Kentucky Derby that the Prince bore out in his gallops—a sign that something was wrong. The Preakness, a hard race, didn't help. This was why Longden wanted to return him to California, knowing that the mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes would be more than the colt could bear. Frank McMahon, who owns the Prince, must have known this, too, for no trainer—least of all Longden—would keep that kind of information from an owner. As a sentimental old critic in the grandstand, I feel strongly about doing such things to nice horses—or any horses. Still, if you can afford it you can buy another just as good. Or can you?

BELMONT PARK's too short meeting ended last Saturday with the Saranac Handicap, at one mile, in which Calumet Farm's Best Turn, at one time the stable's hope for the classics, was the easiest of winners. Prevailing was second and Buck Run third. King of the Castle, the favorite, never got going, and finished fifth. So we're back at the Big A. The Suburban on the Glorious Fourth and the Sheepshead Bay on the turf next day. Happy holiday!

—AUDAX MINOR



Dear Tommy,

I am writing this from Concord, Mass., which is where a lot of history went on. We got here yesterday, and Mom says we won't be leaving for awhile. Partly because she wants to see all these old places where historical people lived, but mostly because Aunt Clara loves the food at the Colonial Inn—that's where we're staying. It's real cool here; we even got a color TV in the room. The Inn looks like a movie set, but Mom says it's authentic. Food's good too. Dad says he loves Concord, but he spends most of his time in the dining room downstairs. Well, I gotta go because today we visit some dumb old house where a bunch of girls lived.

YOUR FRIEND, BOBBY

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Western for Villon

CHILDREN of 1913, dressed like little Renoirs, laughing at the spectacle of the slow slaughter of a scorpion by ants in the Texas desert. Five bandits, in the clothes of the United States Cavalry, riding into a Texas border town to hold up a railroad cash office. On the roofs, a ring of gunmen, under instructions from a railroad executive to keep order for society, opening fire on the townspeople as well as on the robbers, and getting too drunk with it to stop. The beginning of Sam Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch" says that nothing is

purely what it seems. We see pretty children aesthetically amused by death; we see actions sanctioned by Army uniforms given another moral tone when the uniforms turn out to be a piece of dressing-up; we see the mercenaries of respectability outdoing criminals in crime; we see a simple town becoming a bloodbath that runs with sophisticated evils. Dying bodies crash to the ground in slow motion with deluding grace, and we find ourselves in the position of the children—aesthetes about extinction, without meaning to be. But somewhere under the credits there is a line spoken: "I don't care what you meant to do, it's what you did I don't like." It is the amassing of things like this in the first few minutes that makes you know "The Wild Bunch" is going to be a good, good movie. Its mind turns out to be worth ten times the puffy ethical theses of films like, say, "Judgment at Nuremberg." It holds first-rate performances by Ernest Borgnine and William Holden, playing tired, scrapping gunslingers of the old West in a new West where the gleanings are thinner and the components of heroism less clear. Better even than these, it has Robert Ryan—one of the very best actors of his generation in America, and someone who would have been playing the big classical parts for years in most other countries—as the railroad executive's underling, an ex-convict who has to obey orders but who will never be brought to heel because he will always sustain an opinion. The exchanges between him and Albert Dekker as his boss—the screenplay is by Walon Green and Sam Peckinpah—are written with again ten times more perception than the dialogue in most of the studiously high-class movies made here, which shove deep-breathing thoughts into the nearest mouth and



foist on intimates the sort of point-making arguments that suggest the people have never met before, whereas you feel that Albert Dekker and Robert Ryan have been fighting over the same ground endlessly. It is like listening to characters in Ibsen: when we see them, they are a long way into their lives together. Dekker taunts Ryan about doing the job of killing when he doesn't like it—we have just seen Ryan's eyelid shake at the sound of some shot being fired—and Ryan replies quietly, "What I like and what I need are two different things." Open

trouble erupts between them. Ryan sees Dekker getting paid for farming out much dirtier jobs than he himself went to jail for and he says so. Goaded, the clumsy bull played by Dekker only yells that he wants the whole wild bunch brought back before the month is out with their heads over a saddle, or else Ryan goes back to the clink. Yet the pillars of society whom Ryan can call on to help him to catch the thieves and bounty-hunters are the true dregs of mercenaries. They are scared, distractible, incurious, craven, any man's men. They stand knee-high to the criminals they are hunting. The chase takes us over the border into Mexico, where Villa is fighting a rotted government while the United States and Germany quietly stand by and weigh up the political benefits to themselves of providing arms. In a desperately poor border town, where Mexican women slung with ammunition are feeding their babies and making tacos, feasting bigwigs of the Mexican bandit army in cahoots with German emissaries tell the wild bunch that they are interested in finding soldiers "who do not share the sentiments of the American government." They want an ammunition train exploded. By the end of the film, most of them are dead and no one has won, least of all the Mexican people whose town has been razed in a foreigners' battle. Ryan and a shrewd old man survive. To do what? "Drift around here. Stay out of jail." Ryan sits on the ground, propped against a wall, holding his horse by the reins. Civilians stream out of the town gates with their dead and their cattle and their pigs, and a Mexican soldier hops out on one leg. Apart from Peckinpah's simple technical control and the cut of his script, which is a knife that never

slips off the bone, there is an angry quality to his mind.

WE see a photograph of pineapples growing in ice and snow. "Obviously, the Chinese are developing an enzyme," says a lightning mind in "The Chairman" (directed by J. Lee Thompson and written by Ben Maddow, from a novel by Jay Richard Kennedy). There are special pleasures about films with lines like these. "The Chairman" is a Cold War thriller in which Arthur Hill plays a bespectacled American general and extremist with one blacked-out eye. I suspect the blacked-out eye operates on two levels, so to speak—as a metaphor as well as an eye. Arthur Hill has a confrontation with Gregory Peck, who plays a Nobel Prize-winning scientist persuaded to go to Red China to winkle out of Chairman Mao the secret of the miracle enzyme. I do love movie confrontations like this one. They take such a high and huffy tone. Peck doesn't want to go. Hill: "You disagree with our policy. So I'm a bigoted America First patriot." Peck gets extra patient, which is the movie liberal's way of having a row. "I have a pathological respect for life," he says. (What a funny way to put it. "I have a psychotic respect for sanity." Well, it's the movies.) In no time, Peck's disinclination to go is broken down; Hill leaves him alone with the hot line, and the Presidential voice melts him. Or, rather, as he sweetly admits to Hill, "I hung up and found I'd forgotten to say no." Plans roll. "This is not a friendly job," Hill warns him. But Peck does it in the most mannerly possible way. In Hong Kong, he gets led around in a restaurant by a waitress called Ting Ling. "That's very melodious," he says graciously. He is soon playing an equally gracious game of ping-pong with Mao, represented as a charming and surprisingly young man who delivers aphorisms during the rallies. The ping-pong is there to get us through a bit of political debate. This is another of your confrontations. Mao believes in the rightness of the masses. Gregory Peck, where our hearts are supposed to be, speaks for bourgeois individualism. The only reason my own heart clung to him wasn't because of his opinions, which are pretty ropy and wet, but because the character has allowed himself to have a tiny transmitter surgically inserted into his head behind his ear. Every word he utters and every sound around him is picked up by satellite and relayed to Arthur Hill, Alan Dobie, and other actors representing the military policies of various

great powers, listening in a room filled with graphs showing Peck's brain waves and heartbeats and "physiological status," whatever that is. The implanted transmitter may make you feel ill, but you have to grant that it gives cinema the first naturalistic-seeming excuse to use soliloquy. We see Peck talking to himself a lot. I'm not clear about why it is that he should be so sure that his rooms aren't bugged, but still. Horribly enough, the little make-your-own-Shakespeare-play device is also a bomb that can be exploded inside his skull by remote control. There is a moment that combines absurdity and reclining immorality as only the films of our time can, when Arthur Hill has a hot-line discussion about whether the bomb should be exploded right now while Peck and Mao are in the middle of ping-pong. Hill stealthily unlocks a cupboard in London military headquarters, as if he were unpadlocking the sherry for a tippie in the office, and speaks to an unmistakably English Tory voice to put forward the, er, unsporting idea, which catapults us into the moral position that assassination is now commendable by virtue of feasibility and that the decision to assassinate rests on whether the time is opportune. The Free West decides it isn't. "Your man said splendid idea, but forget it," says the top-level English voice. You grasp what a humanist film this is. Besides, how could Gregory Peck die in a picture? Ben Maddow, whose record makes him seem an upright man, even manages to slither a very few eloquent lines into the absorbing trash.

I HAVE admired and loved Philippe de Broca's earlier films. Probably it is my fault, not his—something to do with national differences—that "The Devil by the Tail," his new crime-comedy, seems well over the line between genuine quirkiness and affectation. A cast that includes Madeleine Renaud, the ever-smiling Maria Schell, and Yves Montand—funny and agile as a bank robber with a talent for dandy living—is afflicted by the sort of twitter that is the Anglo-Saxon's nightmare of the Comédie-Française playing farce. But there is a nice minute with an exploding hamburger, and with a nattily dressed thug rapt by Wagner; and I was fond of a true de Broca moment when Yves Montand, in sylvan rapist mood, with a rather middle-class-looking cow wandering across the background of the shot as a girl seductively asks him to snap up the bodice of her dress, tells her with dignity, "I *unsnap* snaps, I don't snap them."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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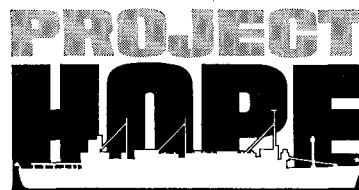
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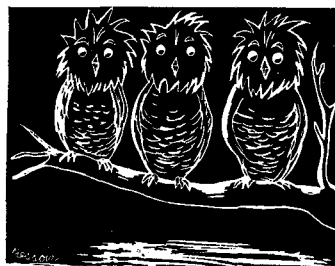
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown). The latest volume in "The Music of Time" runs from early 1942 to the fall of 1945. Mr. Powell's narrator-protagonist, Nicholas Jenkins, is an Army officer in London with the job of military liaison between the British and the several European governments-in-exile. "The Military Philosophers" is perhaps the most affecting in the series, mixing every kind of comedy, from farce to irony, with an acute portrayal of the war as an erodent, wearing away Jenkins' generation as it physically grinds down London. The book is not, unfortunately, as self-contained as some of the earlier installments; its references require the reader to have read the anterior volumes. But its achievement is so grand that it is a compelling argument to begin doing so.



GENERAL

AGAINST ALL REASON, by Geoffrey Moorhouse (Stein & Day). Of all the Christians alive—slightly less than a billion—the author estimates that about one and a quarter million are monks and nuns. The figure seems small, considering the immense role of religious orders in the history of the West, but it adds up to a lot of people who have chosen a peculiar life in a world that appears to value self-fulfillment more than self-sacrifice. Mr. Moorhouse, an English Christian and a writer for the *Guardian*, has an inquiring, undogmatic approach as he tries to find out what these religious (Catholic and Protestant) do, and what they think and hope they are doing. His research is broad and unprecedented—no such investigation into monastic life has ever been undertaken. The results are fascinating and touching, for the struggle of the human to reach the divine is painful, not invariably successful, but—for some, at any rate—inescapably alluring. Ten dollars.

THE MAN FROM NEW YORK: JOHN QUINN AND HIS FRIENDS, by B. L. Reid (Oxford). Quinn was a tall, slender, handsome, hard-driving,

and irascible Wall Street lawyer who hurled himself up out of the lower-middle-class Irish-American depths and, in the course of a comparatively short lifetime—he was born in 1870 and died in 1924—made pots of money off big corporations, nearly all of which he spent on artists and writers whom nobody else in the Wall Street of his time had ever heard of. Quinn was, or believed himself to be, an artist *manqué*, and he felt passionately that he could take a creative part in the production of works of art through his personal patronage, which was bold, generous, and astute. On this principle, although he would occasionally pick up an irresistible Cézanne or Seurat, he preferred buying the living to the dead; among the artists whom he befriended and plunged on heavily were Picasso, Derain, Matisse, Rouault, and Braque, as well as the sculptors Epstein and Brancusi. His literary admirations were no less lively and unconventional: he sought out and staked to considerable sums—often by the device of purchasing manuscripts from them—Conrad, Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and Joyce. A superbly intelligent, superbly difficult man (he fired five of his law partners in a single year), Quinn was an aristocrat who seems to have had very little in him that was characteristically Irish, or even characteristically American. If, as some people hold, he was the greatest of American collectors, he was also the one with the least vanity concerning his collection; he had no wish for it to become a monument to his discernment, and on his death his vast treasure of pictures, sculpture, books, and manuscripts was put up at auction and disposed of. Mr. Reid has told Quinn's story at great length, which it deserves. Moreover, he has told it with a detachment and, from time to time, an asperity that Quinn himself would have applauded. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Under the Hare-Clark multiple-member system, though, final results in the Cliff-Hanger election are not expected before next Saturday.—*Geelong (Australia) Advertiser*.

Our money's on Hanger.



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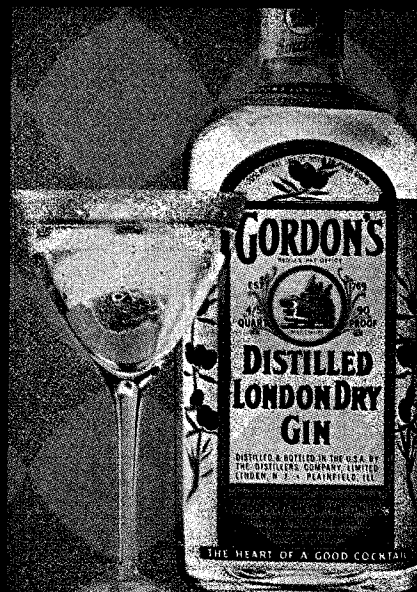
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**Mr. Herbert Kretzmer,
Drama Critic,
London Daily Express**

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